

95 S SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

We hear a great deal about the forwardness of young people—how they crush heedlessly along without respect for their seniors, but not enough blame is meted out to the old men who cling tenaciously to the topmost rungs of all the ladders up which men climb, long after the period when they should have moved out of the way into comfortable retirement. We see old men on every side of us going through the motions that have occupied them all their days, vainly imagining that they are producing the same profitable financial results that once attended their labors. Here is one who in his prime built up a great business, and now in his senility deems himself shrewder than ever. He must be consulted about every little change, every altered item of routine, every new venture. He will not allow this; he insists upon that. The employees call him "the old man" and while fearing and hating him, humor him as they would a child. There is a tacit understanding between the hands and the old man's son, or the junior partner, as the case may be, that whatever the old gentleman says must be taken as law for the moment but as trivial so soon as his back is turned. And thus the once potent business man ends his days—puttering about the scene of his former activity; hampering the permanent success of the enterprise he so ably founded; trying the patience of those who respect him for what he was; earning the ridicule of those who only know him as he is; discharging employees out of one door who re-enter by another and resume work; worrying his softening brain to no purpose; complaining, interfering, until on his final removal there is a sigh of relief.

Here is another old man, not so old as the first but old enough and wealthy, enough to retire, yet if he lives to be a thousand years of age he will run his own business and treat his sons as irresponsible boys. They are steady men, as safe and shrewd as he was the best day of his life, yet his will is law—his changing, peppery, dyspeptic will is final, undebatable law to them. They have spent too many years with him building up the trade which he calls his own, to cut loose now and get nothing, so they submit when he bullies, turn a deaf ear to him when he barges, and never fail to read any item in the papers telling how some fat old man has died suddenly. Before them lies a cheerless prospect, or—the loss of a parent. The family is engaged in a test of endurance: can the sons endure the unjust treatment accorded them as long as the father can endure against the fate that overtakes fat, hot-tempered old men? And when at last there is a paragraph in the papers about their own particular old man, even though they have out-stayed him in the test of endurance, can these sons weep over his clay? If they do, will it not be because of the memories that will be called up—not that late ties have been broken, but that memories will crowd on them of what the father used to be, and thoughts of what their relations might have been had he been different.

There are other old men similar to the types mentioned. There is the old man whose temper has soured so gradually that he still considers himself a model of compatibility, and because his son will not submit quietly to his crabbed nagging, expels the young man from home as incorrigible. There are young men being ground under the wheels of adversity in all parts of America as I write, who are in their present extremity because in hot anger they rushed off anywhere to escape surly fathers who never thought it necessary to be carefully fair with their boys. When father and son fail to agree, the fault nearly always lies with the father. When a family is a failure the fault is in its head. When father and son quarrel the father begins the row, for a son trusts and respects his father until he finds his trust misplaced. Original sin may be strong in a boy, but it is hereditary. It is not necessary to refer to the way in which old men cling to offices once they get them. I wonder if any man over sixty years of age—except Gladstone, and he pouts if his gratuitous advice to his party is not taken—ever resigned an office without compulsion? Let a man of sixty once get the reeveship of a township and he will never leave the chair until death pulls him out. The desire to die in harness is a mullah virtue—its realization a mule's fate.

What is the matter with our old men? How is it that good humor withers within most men as middle life is passed? Is there any creature that can compare with a cheery old man? He would be none the less admirable if less rare. Education for the young is beneficial, but the reformation of the world must begin at the other end. We can never attain to the millennium until we generate old men who are fit for it. They must cross the edge of the dawn before the middle-aged and the children, and the present variety would not know millennium if they stood in the middle of it. Age should be respected, but it should be respectable. Youth has been lectured to no end, and what is now wanted to balance life is an extension of our school system, so that children may lecture old people on the pleasure of being pleasant.

The inveterate pursuit of gain might be illustrated in allegory somewhat after this fashion: In the glad morning a young man entered a berry patch with a cup and pail. Depositing the pail in a cosy shelter he picked the luscious fruit into his cup, pausing to eat

every other berry with evident signs of relish. Once the cup was filled he emptied it into the pail and began again. Still he enjoyed the berries as he plucked them; he heard the birds singing and sang himself, cheerfully calling to his fellow-workers. But when he emptied his cup again the bottom of the pail could not be seen and his ambition bade him try to fill the vessel. He picked harder; he observed where the berries grew thickest and cunningly misguided others to the places thinned by his hand; he spoke less, filled and emptied, filled and emptied his cup. The heat of noon came and went, the pail was filled; his children sat around it, eating and wasting, picking nothing for themselves. Still back he came with his cup and emptied it on the ground until piles of berries were on all sides, through which his children crushed and pranced. They gathered up handfuls and cast them far and wide. They traded them off for colored leaves, thistledowns and valueless nothings. Coming back with his cup the father reproved them, but they said: "Well, we have no need for all these. We cannot eat them with cream; we cannot preserve them. You are gathering them for fun; let us have our fun in scattering them and treading the red juice out of them." He had no time to argue, for he had just found a rich patch and hurried back to it. He fell over a log and spilled his cupful, slipped into a brush heap and got his hands and face torn, yet persevered with fiercer desire than before. By now he had grown deaf to the songs of the

economy in outlay, no conscience in the exacting of further levies. Although the ratepayer is apparently consulted and made to feel consequential, he is in reality led blindfolded into ventures of which he understands nothing. The Court House is an instance of this. But let us suppose, as we are entitled to do, that the Engineer understands his business, and, merely for argument's sake, let us suppose that the aldermen are possessed of sound sense, what good, then, can possibly come of a reference of this question to the people? Is the average intelligence of the citizens higher than that of the aldermen? Shamefacedly we must own that it is not. Are there fifty men in the city who have special training that fits them to vote on a by-law involving a large scheme of engineering? There are not, and is it not sheer nonsense for a man to vote either for or against the tunnel scheme when he knows nothing of engineering? Multiply this man and his vote a thousand times or ten thousand times, and you will get no more wisdom out of the poll.

An organized attempt is being made to jolly the city into submitting the gravitation scheme to a vote of the people along with the other proposal, and while I think that the aqueducts have been treated in a very unbusiness-like way, yet their present tactics are not calculated to inspire the confidence of serious men. Imagine the ratepayers of this city crowding to the polls to decide whether water

It would not be at all surprising if, after Mr. Mansergh has solved the problem of a permanent water supply, the people should refuse to endorse his recommendation—refuse to grant the money necessary. Thus we would have the wisdom of one fifteen-thousand-dollar man set at naught by the stupidity of fifteen thousand one-dollar men. It is to be hoped that when the expert has finished his report and the time for voting comes, someone will get out an injunction restraining the wise, the always right and sovereign people from making fools of themselves.

It is proposed that the local publishers shall invite Mr. Hall Caine to Toronto and tender him a reception of some sort. The suggestion in another column that the author of *The Manxman* be secured to deliver a lecture in Massey Hall while he is in Canada, is put out of court by Mr. Caine's positive statement in New York that he will not deliver a lecture while in America. However, if he can be induced to accept a banquet at the hands of the Toronto publishers, he will be able on his return to London to correct the prevailing error that Canadian publishers are pirates and buccaneers of the Morgan type, content only when engaged in plunder.

Another expedition to the North Pole has proved a failure and Lieut. Peary and his party have returned to St. John's, Newfoundland, empty-handed. We are informed, though,

as the one ludicrous item among the tragedies of polar exploration, for the much vaunted expedition slid quietly back and the explorers, with hats drawn over their eyes, reached their various abodes by way of un frequented streets.

MACK.

With slight intermission I have been in Toronto for seventeen years and have had some opportunity of noticing the growth of public opinion in at least one direction. When I came here it was noticeable to me, as it had been noticeable to visitors for many years, that the children of this city had not been taught good habits in respect to the property of others, demanded as a first principle in all Old Country places and in the majority of American cities. The idea of not having fences to protect the lawns surrounding residences had hardly entered into the minds of those who desired to have pretty places. Since then many popular streets have almost discarded fences, and though years of tribulation have been passed through it is satisfactory to know that vandalism in Toronto, gradually decreasing from the time I speak of, has almost disappeared. A lawn is quite safe from invasion now; it is possible to leave flowers and pretty places unprotected by fences. Boys that were once apparently encouraged to pluck and destroy that which was not at all of value to them, are soundly strapped if they engage in the villainous and indefensible habit of marring that which they cannot appreciate.

One day recently I had a conversation with Mr. Chambers, the gentleman who has charge of all the public parks and gardens of Toronto. As everybody knows who is acquainted with Mr. Chambers, he is an enthusiast as to flowers and trees, and a good-natured and energetic man whose patience has never been exhausted while endeavoring to educate the public that in order to have pretty places they must individually assist in protecting them. I remember in 1878 making the first sketch of the grounds of the Toronto Industrial Fair, from the top of the Main Building. It was a ratty and unromantic sight, more like the crude design of a lumber village than the nucleus of the magnificent place which now attracts the attention of all America. Dirt and filth and piles of debris marked the path-ways of the half-completed grounds and indicated where the principal buildings are now. Mr. Chambers was engaged about that time, and he tells me that for years he planted flower-beds which in the morning had disappeared as entirely as if they had been placed in the middle of a thoroughfare. Year after year he planted his flowers, and day after day they disappeared. Some of the principal beds were finally protected by wire screens, and not infrequently has he known the chagrin of seeing screen and flower-bed and everything trampled into an indistinguishable mass. Now nobody thinks of trampling on a flower on the Exhibition grounds. They are treated as respectfully as if each visitor were engaged in escorting a guest about his private lawn. This seems almost incredible, yet go out and see the Exhibition grounds, the plots of flowers, the borders, the beautiful places that have been created, and you will see registered there the result of seventeen years of the patient good-nature of Mr. Chambers. The people have learned that it is villainous, that it is simply indefensible to either pluck or destroy a flower put in a public place to delight visitors. The same record is being made in all the parks and gardens of Toronto. Boys who were once welcomed home with a handful of flowers stolen from a garden, are now caned if they bring home a sprig that they stole in any of the public places of Toronto.

Mr. Chambers tells me that the women of Toronto have been the hardest to educate in this matter. He has seen them take scissors out of their little satchels and snip sprigs from the middle of his flower-beds. He has seen them go through greenhouses in the places where he keeps his choicest plants, snipping here and there as if they were in their private garden. These women, he tells me, are not the uneducated and unsophisticated persons from the back streets and the crude parts of the city, but wealthy and well educated women who ought to know better. He has been forced to prosecute some of them, and now the dame with the parasol and the scissors who goes about carrying away a load of flowers has almost disappeared.

He tells me that he has never had a boy in the police court, and his list of the places for cricket, lacrosse and ball matches that he has created in Toronto simply astounded me. Mr. Chambers is a public benefactor. He says that no boy can be sent out into the parks to twirl his thumbs; he must have a place to play. He has given them the places they need, and his best friends and the greatest protectors of flowers and shrubs are the lads who have grown up in the last few years under his supervision, with proper play-grounds and imbued with the spirit of taking care of that, the destruction of which is not necessary to their enjoyment. Those who notice the marvellously lovely places that have been created in public grounds open to the city, those who most of all observe that even the country visitor will seldom injure the flower-plots in the Exhibition grounds, and those who remember that Toronto is one of the few cities in the world where people are not forbidden to step on the grass, will recognize the wonderful work that has been accomplished by Mr. Chambers as Park Commissioner.

It has been very often my duty in the past to



MISS ELLEN TERRY AS GUINEVERE.



SIR HENRY IRVING AS KING ARTHUR.

birds, insensible to the odors of the woods. As night fell he was still floundering among the brambles, and at last crawled, in decrepitude, with a few dried berries in his cup, to where his harvest lay strewn, and there he died. And his sons upset the pail and the berry pickers from far and near came hurriedly and scooped up the fruit, so that his sons were forced to go forth at last, untrained, to pick for themselves or starve.

How is it that a man will use every endeavor while his children are young, to win their confidence and love, whereas when they get older he cares not a rap for their affection—or rather, takes no care to retain their respect and sympathy? A man who may be a jolly old chap among his acquaintances is too often a gruff tyrant to his wife and children. They never see his jolly side. Madame generally can amuse herself and defend herself at need, and so, as a rule, it is the sons who get the worst of it. The old business man rails at them constantly. He is getting old; he is not so hearty as he used to be; little things no longer amuse him; his old pleasures are empty now; he grows grim, moody, meddlesome. Should not old men study philosophy, guard and guide themselves into agreeability, and quit picking berries when their pails are full?

When we come to examine the structure of municipal government, we find that we are living under a very poor system. On examination it proves to be faulty in a score of ways, and at the present time one striking instance it challenges attention. Our system of municipal government is entirely inadequate to deal rightly with the large question of a permanent water supply for this city. The Engineer advocates the tunnel under the bay, but before the aldermen endorse the proposal, but before the work can proceed the people must authorize the expenditure of the money necessary to build it. In every big municipal undertaking only sufficient money is asked at first to irretrievably commit the Corporation to the enterprise, after which there need be no

shall be procured by means of a tunnel under the bay or by means of gravitation from Lake Simcoe! So absolutely and necessarily complete is the general ignorance on so vast a problem, that the city's interest would be as well conserved and as safe a decision procured if the city clerk were to step out of his office and demand a solution from the first person he met, be it man, woman or child.

To praise the wisdom of the people is very politic, but in matters of this sort it is extreme humbug. Before a man advocates the reference of a question to the supreme people, he generally has a determining portion of the intelligent masses rounded up in a paddock ready to herd to the polls in droves. The herdsmen and colliers of the cause will drive and deliver them without losing a head. A plebiscite on a big engineering project!—the decision would depend on the droving done by the rival organizations. If the small-pox scourge were to threaten us would we leave the question of vaccination and the quarantine arrangements to a vote of the masses, or would we respectfully take the advice of medical experts? If you are sick, will you leave it to a vote of your neighbors whether it is your lungs or your kidneys that are disordered, and finding two unknown bottles of drugs, will you let them vote again to decide whether you shall swallow the green fluid or the yellow? Yet the masses of this town know more of diseases and drugs than of hydrostatics and hydraulics, and fifty-year franchises and contracts.

Not opposed to the gravitation idea or the tunnel scheme, or the bringing of water from Scarborough Heights, but profoundly convinced that, Mr. Mansergh having been procured, his advice should be followed to the very letter, whatever it may be, yet I think the aqueducts confidently expect, in case the expert decides against them, to have his recommendation rejected at the polls by the supremely intelligent people, who are not being flattered and cozened without design in the evening press.

write of the vandalism of the youngsters of this city, but a great change seems to have taken place in a few years. This change has not been brought about by means of restrictive devices, by high fences, or fear of the police, but by a widening of the liberties. Young people put upon their good behavior will refrain from vandalism, while if you put a policeman to watch them they think it is his fault if they succeed in doing damage. There is a lesson in this for those who care to find it. The condition of our parks this year—even the condition of the Exhibition grounds after the tremendous crush of the Fair—reflects great credit upon the policy and management of Commissioner Chambers and the Parks and Gardens Committee. The sentiment of the people towards these public places has been very tediously and gradually cultivated, but the result is very gratifying.

DON.

Money Matters.

The stock markets are still hinged on the state of exchange in Europe, and a slight inclination either way is followed by an upward or downward swing in values. There does not seem to be as much nervous tension as there was a week ago, but none the less all eyes are watching with a degree of attention the movement of exchange quotations. I stated last week that in my opinion shipments of gold from the United States would cease within three weeks. Shipments this week are to a large extent relaxed, but we cannot, of course, tell what new set of conditions may arise. All that can be said is that indications are altogether in favor of an abatement, within a short time, of the present condition. At least I can discern I should say that within another fortnight shipments of gold will be over for the present year, and that within a month exchange may possibly turn in favor of the United States.

I desire to keep before the public the importance of the beet sugar industry. Both in Europe and in the United States the development of this industry is very decided, but here in Canada but little seems to be done to stimulate it. The creation of a great sugar production enterprise in Ontario is second only to an aggressive iron industry. It would be more important to the farmer than any that could be taken hold of, as it would give him a direct market for a profitable crop, and the labor employed in the refineries would increase the home demand for other products. A report from Norfolk, Nebraska, says: "There are about 4000 acres of sugar beets in the Norfolk district, all laid by and in much better condition than in any previous year. Recent rains have benefited the beets greatly, and with continued favorable conditions for root development the results of the harvest will exceed other seasons, and probably will be over 40,000 tons, which would mean an output of some 7,000,000 lbs. of granulated sugar. The advantages of beet culture were clearly demonstrated last year. Dry weather reduced the tonnage but made the root richer in sugar. Weather conditions cut other crops very short, so that the beet was the chief crop in many cases." This is just the point. The establishment of a thriving beet sugar industry here will help the farmer to diversify his crops, and this, it will be acknowledged by all, will be most beneficial. But it will do more. It will afford employment for native labor; it will increase the home demand for general products and it will keep hundreds of thousands of dollars at home that would otherwise go to the Cuban planters, who, by the way, buy little or nothing from Canada.

Toronto Railway is getting down to figures where it will be inviting to buyers to take hold in a large way. I advise purchases on any decided and present figures. The stock is safe to buy and will show good profits if held for a few months.

I notice that the statement has been made in several places that the Commercial Cable Co. is earning between 11 and 12 per cent. I do not think that the parties making this statement are well informed. I shall be greatly mistaken if the earnings of the company this year are not 13 per cent. or over. This stock is safe to buy on any decline for good profits.

I repeat my advice given two weeks ago on Montreal Street Railway stock. To year in and year out investors I would say, hold your stock. The dividends are sure, and while the quotations may go up and down the future of the company is good. I believe that by the end of the year this stock will be held almost all for investment, and as soon as it gets scarce you may expect to see higher prices than have yet been quoted.

The light stocks should be left alone. I stated a short time ago that the chance of profits to buyers would be the possibility of losses which may be taken into consideration. Since then the Consumers' Gas has declined 4 points. I would not advise the purchase of any of the light stocks, as the situation, as it stands now, is a good deal tangled.

Canadian Pacific has advanced again up to 59 in Canada. The earnings are improving steadily but the full effect of the big crops will not be felt for some time yet.

ESAU.

Social and Personal.

Wednesday was an ideal day for weddings, and several blushing brides were led to the altar on that day. Miss Georgina Broughall, whose marriage was duly heralded some time ago, was married to Rev. Edward Cayley, professor of Trinity, and son of the genial rector of St. George's. That fine old church, which has been the scene of so many smart weddings, was again filled with friends of the young people who joined hands and by their marriage united two of the best known families on the west side. Miss Broughall wore the conventional bridal gown, veil and orange flowers, and was attended by four maids, Miss Madeline Cayley, Miss Maude Skell of Cobourg, Miss Minnie Temple and Miss Helen Fuller. Rev. H. H. Bedford Jones was best man.

Miss Evelyn J. Harvey, daughter of Mr. Arthur Harvey of Rosedale, was married to Mr. R. S. Galbraith of the Imperial Bank, on the "best day of all," as mid-week is known to the superstitious. The ceremony took place at St. Simon's church, Rev. T. C. Street Macklem officiating. Miss Harvey's bridal gown was of duchesse satin veiled in old point lace and enriched with pearl trimmings. Her sister, Miss Gypsy Harvey, was bridesmaid and Mr. George D. Fisher was best man.

A very bonnie bride was Miss Charley Wedd, who was quietly married on Wednesday to Dr. T. H. Ellis of New York, in St. Stephen's church. Miss Wedd wore a brown travelling-dress, and her bridesmaid was Miss Edith Clarke. The best man was the brother of the bride, Mr. M. de S. Wedd. Mr. Broughall officiated. Dr. and Mrs. Ellis left for an Eastern tour, and friends in bidding them farewell realized that Miss Wedd's entrance into the holy state of matrimony leaves a blank in her circle here which will not be easily filled.

A couple of house weddings also occurred on Wednesday. Miss Mary S. Murray, daughter of Mr. James Murray of 71 Lowther avenue, was

married at her home to Mr. R. S. Clarke by Rev. W. G. Wallace, in the presence of a large number of friends and relatives, and Miss Mabelle Gertrude Ruthven, fourth daughter of the late George Ruthven of Montreal, was married to Mr. Robert Stephenson Unwin of Grimsby. The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. Havelock Walsh, 219 Beverley street, and was performed by Rev. C. Russell Lee of Grimsby, the bride and groom standing under a floral bell hung in the drawing-room. Miss Ruthven's bridal gown was of white brocaded satin, and she wore the conventional veil and a wreath of carnations. Misses Tiny and Clare Ruthven, sister and niece of the bride, and Miss Kathleen Ball, her cousin, were bridesmaids, wearing respectively delicately tinted gowns of pale blue, cream and pink. Mr. Bert Winans was best man.

A very quiet wedding took place in St. Luke's church on Saturday last, when Miss Mary Josphine Smith, daughter of Mr. Alfred W. Smith of Jarvis street, was married to Mr. Henry Francis Lee, son of the late Major Lee of H. M. 16th Regiment and of Beaudevoir Hall, Warwickshire. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Lingtry, assisted by Rev. J. C. H. Mockridge. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of white ottoman silk trimmed with duchess lace and orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of bridal roses. The bridesmaids, Miss Trix Smith and Miss Daisy Lee, wore white silk trimmed with puce green chiffon, and white picture hats, and carried bouquets of pink carnations. Mr. Arthur Lee was best man. The church was tastefully decorated with golden rod and ferns. The bride's mother wore blue silk trimmed with white satin and jet. Mrs. Lee, mother of the groom, was in black trimmed with chameleon silk. Only the relatives of the bride and groom were invited to the wedding. After a reception at the residence of Mrs. A. W. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Lee left for a short tour in the States. The bride's traveling-dress was of brocade cloth trimmed with red, with hat to match.

On Wednesday, September 18, St. George's church, Goderich, was the scene of one of the most charming floral weddings. Flowers, asters and ferns were everywhere. Lovely baskets, filled with floral offerings, bedecked both pulpit and reading-desk. A beautiful arch, covered with mosses and flowers, separated the bridal party from the guests. The contracting parties were Miss Emily Maude Sheppard, daughter of Mr. James Sheppard, J. P., and granddaughter of the late Squire Middleton of The Point, Bayfield, and Mr. Walter Warren Thompson, son of Mr. Walter Thompson of Mitchell. Rev. Mark Turnbull, M. A., performed the ceremony. The bride looked lovely in a gown of ivory satin, with chiffon trimming and pearl passementerie, bridal veil and wreath of orange blossoms. She wore a handsome sunburst of pearls set in gold, the gift of the groom, and a bouquet of bridal roses. The first bridesmaid, Miss Grace Cameron, wore an ivory silk costume, white chiffon hat, and carried a bouquet of pale pink roses; her companion, Miss Marion Sheppard, wore pink corded silk with white chiffon hat and bouquet of pale pink roses. The groomsman was Mr. Howard Thompson. Little Miss Helen Sheppard, cousin of the bride, was dressed in white as a fairy maid of honor, and Master Harold Sheppard, brother of the bride, acted as page. Both carried baskets of pink roses. The ushers were Messrs. Charles Sheppard, F. Thompson and R. Barley of Mitchell. As the bridal party left the church the bell of St. George's merrily pealed. At Sunnyside, the residence of the bride's parents, the wedding breakfast was served to a large number of relatives and invited guests. The bride's breakfast table was in pink and white, with ribbons and flowers suspended from the ceiling. At 2 p.m. the happy couple left to spend their honeymoon at New York.

On Wednesday, September 18, at 4 o'clock, one of the prettiest weddings that has ever graced St. Paul's church, Dunnville, took place, when Miss Evelyn Constance, daughter of Mr. Arthur Boyle, M.P., was married to Mr. George Wilson of the Imperial Bank, Toronto, second son of the late Col. Wilson, Rifle Brigade. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Motherwell, assisted by Rev. Mr. Britton of South Cayuga. Miss Boyle's bridal dress was of white corded silk trimmed with pearl passementerie and chiffon, the orthodox veil adding the finishing touch to a charming picture. The bridesmaids were Miss Mabel Wilson as maid of honor, Miss Helen Wilson, Miss Winnie Boyle and Miss Madeline Haskins. The Misses Wilson wore rose-pink silk trimmed with pearl passementerie and chiffon, and large picture hats, and carried shower bouquets of pink roses and ferns tied with ribbons. The only ornaments they wore were dainty pearl pins, the gifts of the groom. The two small maidens looked exceedingly well in turquoise-blue silk with large lace collars and hats to match. They carried baskets of pink and white carnations, the gifts of the groom, as also were their turquoise and pearl rings. The groomsman was Mr. J. C. Eccles and the ushers were Mr. C. A. Ross, Mr. H. T. Wilson, Mr. Fred Boyle of Toronto and Mr. T. Haskins of Dunnville. The bride's mother wore a rich silver-gray silk trimmed with steel and a chic French bonnet, the groom's mother a handsome violet silk *écharpe* and bonnet to match. After the ceremony a reception was held at Cedarhurst, the residence of the bride's parents. The happy couple left for the Eastern States, amid an ovation from the citizens, who turned out *en masse* to wish them Godspeed. The bride's going-away gown was a brown cloth handsomely braided, with hat to match trimmed with yellow orchids and chiffon. The groom's gift to her was a gold watch and chain. Among the many valuable presents was a handsome Limoges dinner-set and a cut glass cheese-dish from the staff of the Imperial Bank.

A Mount Forest wedding which excited much local interest was that of Mr. William S. Smith and Miss Edith Scott, which took place at 7 p.m. on September 3. The Presbyterian church was crowded with guests, and Rev. Mr. Ramsay was the officiating minister. The

bride made a lovely picture in a rich dress and train of white corded silk, trimmed with pearls, point lace and chiffon; she also wore a bridal veil and orange blossoms and carried a bouquet of bridal roses. The bridesmaids, Misses Jessie Scott and Mabel Smith, were dressed in cream India silk, with pearl and chiffon trimming, while the maid of honor wore dotted Swiss muslin with pink silk. Mr. Drew Smith was best man and Mr. James N. Scott bride's usher. Messrs. W. W. Jones, T. R. Glanville, A. McMullen and T. Scott were ushers. A reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, and about one hundred and fifty guests partook of a wedding supper. Mr. and Mrs. Smith left the same evening for Toronto.

Monsieur and Madame Eugene Masson have returned to town.

Miss Hendrie of Hamilton and Judge Finkle of Woodstock were visitors to the Races last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Pingle have taken a furnished house for the winter at 100 Gloucester street, where Mrs. Pingle and Miss Saunders will be at home on Wednesdays.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Rose have taken up their residence at 677 Spadina avenue. Mrs. Rose will be at home the first three Fridays in the month.

Dr. Widdifield, Sheriff of York, who accompanied Professor Schwalbe, ex-Lord Rector of Strassburg University, in his recent American tour, has returned to the city. The two gentlemen crossed the continent by the N. P. R. via Chicago and St. Paul to Tacoma. At Livingstone they branched off to the Yellowstone Park, where they spent a week and were so fortunate as to see all the principal geysers—including the Giant—in full operation. At Tacoma they took a steamer up the Pacific coast to Alaska, which is a two weeks' trip. Both gentlemen were delighted with the famous Muir Glacier, on which they spent a day. On their return to Victoria, B. C., Professor Schwalbe went south to California, and Sheriff Widdifield returned home per the C. P. R., stopping off at Nanaimo, Vancouver, Banff and Winnipeg. Both gentlemen enjoyed the trip immensely.

Mr. Henry Collins, Mayor of Vancouver, B.C., has been a guest at the Walker House during the past week. He is an old Ontario boy and has been heartily welcomed by many old friends who are proud of his success in the West, where he went ten years ago.

On Monday evening the bands of the city regiments give a combined concert in the Armories, at eight o'clock. This will interest a large number of society people who are more or less intimately connected with our brave volunteers.

Mr. Churchill Cockburn is home from a summer holiday which has removed all traces of his terrible illness, and left him looking the picture of health and strength.

The Princess Theater has resounded with laughter this week. Other People's Money is deliciously funny and a very cleverly written thing. Financiers have shouted over the discomfiture of Mr. Hutchinson Hopper, and women have laughed till they cried over the attempts of his husband-taming wife to bring her prospective son-in-law to order. One gets a little shy of comedy, but Other People's Money is quite a touch above even the best we have had here for some time, and Georgie Welles' dresses are a sure tip as to the latest and prettiest Paris modes. Each one in the cast is an artist, and the development of the plot, in which the audience are convulsed by spectators, is simply too funny. Go and see it!

Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet will be home immediately and Mr. and Mrs. Vankoughnet will spend the winter at the Arlington.

Mrs. King and Miss Edie Hugel sail almost immediately for Italy, where they will spend the winter.

The Duke of Marlborough spent a pleasant hour at the Grange on Tuesday chatting with Professor Goldwin Smith and Mrs. Smith over England and kindred subjects.

The Gymkana at Hamilton on the fifth promises to be great fun. A gymkana is not a Race Meet, but an afternoon of sport provided for the amusement of members and their friends. The nominal charge of twenty-five cents admission is to be made to every person. The programme includes a flat race, a members' steeple-chase, an animal race (reminiscent of Bootle's Baby), and a nomination race, in which the unfortunate riders, selected by some lady relative of a club member, have to gallop an eighth of a mile, dismount at the judge's stand, put on a sunbonnet, ride another eighth, dismount and array themselves in some garment especially designed to addle a masculine brain, then ride back in bonnet and garment to the stand. The walking race is open to members and lady relatives. The ginger ale race is a trying ordeal. Steeplechase, hurdle and potato races complete the programme. The 13th Band are to make music. A large party is going to the gymkana from here.

Mr. and Mrs. E. U. Givan of Moncton, N.B., have returned home after a short visit to Toronto friends.

Mrs. W. A. Skirrow of Linden street is visiting her mother at Woodstock, New Jersey.

Miss Plummer of College street returned last week from a visit to England.

Miss Robins of Walkerville is visiting Mrs. Phillips, in the Queen's Park.

The University Tennis Club will hold another tournament this year, which is expected to eclipse last year's event, a far greater success than any but the most sanguine had hoped for. Although the Club was formed only about a year ago, it is now one of the foremost in the city, for it has not lost one of the eight or ten matches played during the season. This result is due partly to the kindness of the University authorities in allowing the Club the use of the beautiful grounds on Bloor street, and partly to the enthusiasm and

management of the committee of this and last year. This fall the committee, with the help of many friends throughout the city, have been able to add the courts near the gymnasium and next year the Club will play there. The tournament will start on the afternoon of Monday, September 30, and will consist of the following four events: Open singles, for all comers, for which some noted entries have already been made. University championship, open singles, for undergraduates and graduates for '95 of Toronto University. Handicap singles for all graduates and undergraduates. Open doubles for the same. All who have designs on the prizes should get their entries in at once to Mr. C. A. Campbell, 41 Wilcox street, for after Saturday it will be too late.

Mrs. Backus of Port Rowan has been visiting Mrs. McLean Howard, and is now the guest of Mrs. Wyld of St. George street.

Major Pellatt has returned from a trip to the North West. Major and Mrs. Pellatt return to town next week.

Miss Annie Louise White of New York is in the city. Miss White's very clever elocutionary efforts last season will be remembered by those fortunate enough to have heard them.

Mr. and Mrs. Wyly Grier have returned to town.

Miss Tina Beattie of Fergus has been the guest of Miss Anderson of 80 Bellevue avenue.

Mr. M. A. Cumming was this week the guest of Mr. George H. Hastings. Mr. Cumming is a prominent New Yorker and ex-president of the Acorn Athletic Club.

The Argonaut boat-house was a cool refuge last Saturday afternoon, and the breeze which blew from the west played gratefully through the parlors and halls, while the Italiots played sweet music, which, sweet as it was, failed to woo the lightfooted men and maidens to the dance. The races were well contested, and the various events were greeted with enthusiasm, though the usual pouts followed the result when it was not favorable to one's best young men. When the sun went down, the men and maidens danced *con amore*, and a constant tide of humanity set in all the afternoon to the buffet, where, as usual, a most tempting repast was served. There is always a crowd of pretty girls at the Argonaut's At Home, partly because it is the rule for Toronto girls to be pretty, and partly because a lot of budding belles, who are not yet out, are permitted to frisk about at the Argonaut races, under the care of their Triton brothers, cousins, and so forth. The usual sensible party adjourned to the roof at sundown and watched the shadows creep across the bay and enwrap the Island.

The ladies of Toronto are never backward in good works, and one of their most helpful organizations is the Needwork Guild, a branch of the society formed among a few friends by Lady Wolverton in England over a decade ago. Princess May and her mother are both pillars of strength to this organization, and a friendly rivalry between these two noble ladies originated last year in the following manner. The associate members of the Guild pay no fees nor attend any meetings, but pledge themselves to contribute two perfectly new garments to the stores each year. These are distributed to deserving poor. The Duchess of Teck collected from her associates many hundreds of garments, but Princess May succeeded in getting together a slightly greater number, much to her satisfaction and the benefit of the Guild. Mrs. Irving Cameron is president of the Toronto branch, and a number of ladies are interested in getting a larger list of associate members. Only quite new garments are accepted, as for many reasons that was considered best, and great benefit is conferred by their distribution.

A demure matron had a funny experience which she related to me in a killingly deprecatory manner. In her *salle à manger* floor is set one of those convenient electric bells, which madame presses with her slippers foot to summon her handmaidens. The other night she gave a dinner in honor of a magnate of some importance. Presently the presence of an extra waitress was needed, and much preoccupied by her attentions to her honored guest Madame set her foot rather firmly on the bell. Again and again she pressed it, and each time the guest on her right leaned toward her and asked her what she said. "Pardon, but I said nothing," she at last smiled. "What made you think I had spoken?" "Well, you kept pressing my toe and I thought—" Madame nearly slid under the table, and a loud whirr in the butler's pantry assured her that she had gotten her foot on the bell at last!

The name Eileen Terry has been given to a new and delightful variety of linens. They are shot, but the colorings are so varied and so beautiful that it is not wonderful that they are finding warm appreciation, not only in England but in America. They are made in the best quality of thread, peach blending with gold, green with yellow, chartreuse with light blue, moss with a tender, tabac brown, and blue with red; indeed, the blends are endless, impossible to describe, and were inspired by combining colors on the palette and then reproducing them by means of the dyer's art. Such linens can be cleaned by the dry process over and over again, and they produce an effective dress at a fairly moderate price. They

are frequently trimmed with drawn thread patterns, specially worked in Ireland, and so open that they recall a spider's web. They are absolutely novel, and this openwork seems to develop the beauty of the coloring.

"I have been requested," said the good pastor, beaming over the pulpit, "to offer prayers for rain; but the superintendent informs me that the Sunday school picnic is arranged for Tuesday."

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FALL OPENING</h2

Sept. 28, 1895

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

3

Social and Personal.

The torrid weather which greeted the Hunt Club opening day on the occasion of the Fall Races last Saturday no doubt affected somewhat the attendance, but good races and a very smart crowd were nevertheless the outcome of the day's efforts. The Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick with Captain and Miss Kirkpatrick were in their box, and the usual box-holders were largely represented in the surrounding area of white-railed enclosures. Here and there sporty *pater familias* sat alone in the glory, and confessed that his women folk had not been equal to facing the heat. Many a killing fall gown would have literally earned the premier adjective had its wearer donned it, but the majority of the fair took warning from the rising mercury and wore dainty muslins and summer silks, till the grand stand looked more like a mid-summer garden party than a Fall Meet. Mrs. Kirkpatrick, in half mourning, wore a mauve and black gown, exquisitely shaped and delicate in tint, and a smart black hat. Several white duck gowns with picture hats wreathed with flowers looked cool and pretty. Mrs. Kerr Osborne was a picture in black relieved with white; Miss Maude Beatty, who is looking very well and receives many welcomes home after her long stay abroad, was as usual charmingly gowned, as was also her sister, Miss Amy. Mr. George Stinson drove in his smart tandem cart, with Miss Seymour, looking lovely, beside him; Mrs. Frank Arnold wore a most becoming gown with heliotrope silk yoke and a very pretty bonnet; Mrs. Hugh Macdonald was in smart blouse of gold and lavender brocade; Miss Bessie Macdonald wore a snowy duck costume; Mrs. Gibson was smartly gowned in black *crepon* touched with green and jet bands; Miss Evelyn Cox looked very sweet in a dainty light frock; Misses Edna and Mabel Lee were also stylishly gowned and took, as usual, a knowing interest in the races. Dr. and Mrs. Grasett were in their box, Senator and Mrs. Ferguson, with some friends, and many another equally well known resident of the east side.

A couple of box parties were at the Grand Tuesday, but the tradition of "first night" brought out the more brilliant audience on Monday night, when the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick made their first appearance this season at the theater, and a rather surprising number of smart people followed suit.

Those who have already had the pleasure of attending the well known lectures of St. Hilda's College Art and Literature courses will doubtless be glad to hear that a most interesting series is being prepared for the coming autumn.

The Duke of Marlborough, the much talked of *lance*, paid Toronto a flying visit, arriving Monday night and leaving for Montreal Tuesday evening. His Grace stopped at the Queen's and was lunched at Government House on Tuesday, the members of the Ontario Cabinet Council and Mr. Wragge being asked to meet him. The Duke saw Toronto under pleasant auspices and on a charming day, and expressed himself very much pleased with his short stay in our city.

A party from the Post, Fort Niagara, came over for Faust on Tuesday, including Captain Bishop, Lieutenant Fox and a couple of ladies. Brownies male and female are in our streets. Barely has such a universal coat of tan been put on by men and maid. It isn't sailing, for less than usual has been done this summer. It is, it must be, biking which has browned everyone so.

A truly brilliant audience is assured for the Melba concert on Monday week, and as the Massey Hall has been thoroughly overhauled and made spic and span for the occasion, and Mr. Suckling is going to outdo himself with a pretty floral stage setting, those who attend this concert will feast eyes as well as ears. Everyone I know is going, or nearly so. Toronto society never looks so well as when it dons gala array and packs the great hall from floor to ceiling with its prettiest and smartest people.

A familiar figure to race-goers was missed on Saturday at the Woodbine. Dr. Andrew Smith was seriously hurt by a kicking horse some time ago, and for the first time missed a race meet in consequence. I hope to see him out in good trim this afternoon.

Sir Oliver Mowat sailed on Thursday for Canada by the steamer Vancouver.

I heard a very funny little tale of a Toronto woman who has some exceedingly fine jewels, but who seldom wears them. Said woman was crossing the Atlantic recently in one of the swell ocean ships in company with a party of Americans of the order satirized by Max O'Rell. Every day at breakfast diamonds blazed, at luncheon more diamonds, at dinner diamonds galore! The Toronto woman dressed very quietly and wore no jewelry and was, vulgarly speaking, not in it with the blazers aforesaid. On the last evening out, however, a sensation was caused by the arrival at dinner of a stunningly gowned creature, radiant with jewels and seemingly quite unconscious of the fact. The Americans were impressed in a conclusive manner with the fact that it is not always a sign of business ability to put all one's goods in the window, as the saying is. The funny part of the story is the explanation it given demurely by the Torontonian. "It was perhaps an unduly patriotic impulse," she says. "But I thought I ought to!"

Rev. Stuart Acheson of Wiarton was this week the guest of Dr. Wilson of 20 Bloor street west.

Mrs. (Justice) Harrison and Miss Harrison came back from Europe last week, and pending the selection of residence in Toronto are staying with Mrs. Hugh Macdonald of Wellington street west.

Hon. Lyman Jones, Mrs. and Miss Jones returned on Monday and were at the Faust performance on Tuesday evening. Mrs. Jones wore an evening gown of red silk and black lace, Miss Jones a pretty French frock in pale green, with wrap of shell pink.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bennett left last week for their home in British Columbia. They are

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to live in Vancouver, where, I hear, Mr. Bennett has a fine opening. Mrs. Bennett (nee Greet, of Kingston), was always a bright and esteemed member of Toronto society, and was one of the first ladies to recommend by her trim and graceful appearance the now furious fad of cycling to our fashionable consideration.

Mrs. Brydges is visiting her mother, Mrs. Jarvis, and will be here for a couple of weeks

Mr. and Mrs. McGill of Montreal and Mrs. A. R. Dougall of Belleville, with her little daughter Bertie, spent Exhibition week with Mrs. Jack Walker of St. Vincent street.

Mrs. Wm. Lount of Kemegagh, who has been for many months an invalid, is now happily almost restored to health. On Saturday Mrs. Lount drove about town looking her own bright self in a pretty pale blue muslin frock.

The engagement of Miss Gooderham of Waveney and Mr. Charlie Beatty of the Queen's Park is announced.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Sutherland Stayner gave a delightful tea to a few of her lady friends. These early autumn teas have some great attractions which the later affairs lack—plenty of fresh air, the open doorway, the balcony spread with rugs and dotted with cosy lounging chairs, and the fair stretch of brilliant but fading garden and turf looking beautiful in the early sunset rays. While Mrs. Stayner's artistic drawing-room has its own charm, and one cannot glance in any direction without seeing some rare and beautiful curio or work of art, the pleasure of her friends was divided by many little salutes out upon the cozy veranda, where the outdoor beauties aforesaid were largely in evidence.

It was a jolly tally-ho party that left the residence of Mr. G. B. Smith, ex-M.P., Sherbourne street, on Saturday afternoon last. The destination was Richmond Hill, and after a delightful drive the party arrived at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, where justice was done to a sumptuous repast and the evening spent in a charming little dance, when the party returned to the city delighted with the day's outing. The party included: Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith, Miss Smith, Miss Arksey, Miss Russell, the Misses Cole, Miss Harstone, Mr. H. H. Shaver, Dr. C. Trow, Mr. and Mrs. Trow, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. Harstone, Mr. Middleton, Mr. Hutchinson, Dr. C. F. Moore, Mr. G. A. Baker, and Mr. R. Hodge.

The first hop at the Athletic Club for this season will take place next Friday evening. Dancing from eight to twelve o'clock. All names of persons wishing tickets must be submitted to the house committee before Thursday.

Mrs. Jack Drynan will be at home to her friends at 63 Madison avenue on Fridays after October 1.

Mrs. M. McKenna of Rose avenue has left with her cousin, Mrs. F. B. Bowes of New Orleans, for an extended trip through the United States.

Mrs. A. F. Hines of 18 Montague place will be at home on the first, second and fourth Mondays of each month.

Mrs. Connolly of Montreal, in company with her father and daughter, Miss Bessie, are guests of Mrs. William Hynes, Wilton avenue.

Rev. Stuart Acheson of Wiarton was this week the guest of Dr. Wilson of 20 Bloor street west.

Mr. W. H. Merrill, LL B., of Detroit (formerly Capt. Merrill of Belleville), who has been visiting Toronto friends, returned home on Wednesday evening.

A jolly little dinner was that which was given at the Victoria Club on Saturday night to Mr. A. J. Arnold, by way of farewell to him on the occasion of his departure for Windsor, where he proposes to continue his legal practice. About twenty assembled to wish their old friend good-bye. Song followed toast, and toast followed song, and many were the expressions of regret at the departure of a

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The Professor's Experiment.

BY MRS. HUNGERFORD

Author of *Molly Bawn*, *Lady Branksmere*, *The Duchess*, *A Born Couquette*, *The Red House Mystery*, &c.

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CHAPTER LV.

"There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion flower at the gate,
She is coming, my love, my dear,
She is coming, my life, my fate."

To-day the sun is out, and all the walks of the Cottage are glittering in its rays. Sparks like diamonds come from the small white stones in the gravel, and the grassy edges close to them—clean shaven by Denis, who is down again on a penitential visit to his wife—are sweet and fresh, and suggestive of a desire to make to-day's work a work again for to-morrow—so quickly the spring blades grow and prosper.

Wyndham, as he walks from the station to this pretty spot, had taken great note of Nature. Lately the loveliness—the charm of it!—the desire that the heart grows for it, has come to him; has sunk into his soul. As he goes life seems everywhere, and with it such calm. . . . And here in this old home, what a place it is! A veritable treasury of old-world delights.

"Dewy pastures, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep—all things in order stored,
A haunt of ancient peace."

As he walks from the gate to the Cottage, a slim figure darting sideways brings him to a standstill. After her bounds a huge dog. Wyndham restrains the cry upon his lips that would have called the dog to him; and standing still, watches the pretty pair.

He has come down to-day with the intention avowed and open to his heart of asking this girl to marry him. That the deed will mean ruin to him socially, he knows, but he has faced the idea. That she will probably accept him seems clear but that it will not be for love seems even clearer. She has always treated him as one who had given her a helping hand out of her slough of despond, but no more.

Many days have led to his decision of to-day—and many thoughts—and many sleepless nights. But he has conquered all fears, save that supreme one, that she does not love him.

This marriage, if he can persuade her to it, will offend his uncle, Lord Shangarry. Not a farthing will that old Irish aristocrat leave him if he knows he has wedded himself to a girl outside his own world—a mere wif and stay—disreputable, as many would call her.

Disreputable!

It was when this thought of what his friends' view of his marriage would be first came to him, and with it a mad longing to seize the throats of those hideous scoundrels, that Wyndham knew that he loved the girl he had saved and protected—and most honorably loved.

And to day—well, he has come down to ask her to marry him. Shangarry's money may go, and all things else that the old lord can keep from him. The title will still be his—and hers—and with his profession and the talent they say is his, and the money left him by his dead mother (oh! if she had lived and seen Ella!) he may still be able to keep up the old name, if not in its old splendor, at all events with a sort of decency.

Ella is now running towards him, as he stands in the shelter of the rhododendrons, the dog running after her, jumping about her, with soft, velvety paws and a wagging tail. Suddenly he springs upon her and threatens the daintiness of her frock. "Down now. Down now. Down now!" cries she, laughing. She catches the handsome brute around the neck and looks into his eyes.

"Does he love his own missis then? Then down. It is really down now, sir. Not another jump. See," glancing ruefully at her pretty white serge dress, "the stains you have made here already."

How soft, how delicate is her voice, how full of affection for the dog. Surely,

"There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple."

Wyndham comes forward very casually from amongst the bushes.

"Oh, you," cries she, coloring delightfully but showing no embarrassment—he would have liked a little embarrassment. He tells himself that the want of it quite proves his theory that she regards him merely as a good friend—no more!

"Yes, I have run down for an hour or so. You—looking around him—"have been quite a good fairy to my flowers, I see."

"Oh, your flowers!" says she gaily, yet shyly too. Her air is of the happiest. She has, indeed, been a different creature since Wyndham had assured her, a few months ago, of Moore's actual arrival in Australia. "Why, they are mine now, aren't they? You have given them to me with this." She threw out her arms in a little appropriative way towards the garden.

"In a way—yes." He pauses. Passion is rising within him. "Come in," says he abruptly. "There is something I must say to you."

The pretty drawing-room is bright with flowers, and there is a certain air of daintiness—a charm—about the whole place, that tells of the refinement of its owner. It is not Miss Manning who has given this delicate cosiness to it—Miss Manning, good soul, who is now in the kitchen, very proud in the fond belief that she is helping Mrs. Denis to make marmalade. No! In every cluster of early roses, in every bunch of sweet-smelling daffodils, in the pushing of the chairs here, and the screens there, Wyndham can see the touch of Ella's hand.

In the far off window, on a little table, stands the dressing-case that he had sent her, after his interview with Moore. It is open, and some of the contents—what remains of them—with their silver tops, are shining in the rays of the sun. The girl's glance catches them, and all at once the merry touch upon her lips dies away and gloom settles on her brow. The lost bottles, the battered and dismantled case, seem to Wyndham but the broken links of a broken life, and a thrill of pity urges him to instant speech.

"Don't look like that, Ella." And then with a burst of passion and grief: "My darling!

what does it matter?" And then again, almost without a stop, "Ella, will you marry me?"

For a moment she looks at him as if not understanding. Then a most wonderful light springs into her eyes. But when he would have gone to her and taken her in his arms, she puts out hers and almost imperiously forbids him.

"No," says she clearly, if a little wildly perhaps.

"But, why—why? Oh, this is nonsense. You know—you must have known—for a long time that I love you."

"I did not know," says she faintly. "I—Even now it seems impossible, Don't!" as he makes a movement towards her. Don't misunderstand me. I know now," her voice breaking a little, "that it might have been. But what is impossible," her young voice growing rounder, fuller and unutterably wretched, "is that I should marry you."

"You think because—" But she sweeps his words aside.

"It is useless," says she, with a strength strange in one so few miles advanced upon life's roadway, until one remembers how sad and eventful those few miles she has trodden have been, how full of miserable knowledge, how full of the cruel lesson, how to bear! "I am nobody, less than nobody. And you—are somebody. Do you think I would consent to ruin your life, the life of the only one who has—who has ever stood my friend?"

"This gratitude is absurd!" he breaks in eagerly. "What have I done for you? Let me the Cottage at a fair rental!"

"Ah, no!" There is irrepressible sadness in her air. She struggles with herself, holding her hands against her eyes for a little while—pressing them hard as to keep down her emotion. "I won't—I can't go into it," says she brokenly. "But when I forget—Mr. Wyndham." She turns upon him passionately. "Never ask me that question again. Nothing on earth would induce me to link my name with yours—" She pauses, and a hot blush covers her face. "My name!" she repeats her words with determination, though he can see how the determination hurts her. "I have no name."

"That is all the more reason why you should take mine," breaks he in hotly.

"And so—destroy it; I shall not indeed," says the girl firmly. Her firmness is costing her a good deal. It causes Wyndham absolute physical suffering to see the pallor of her face—the trembling of her slight form. But that can shake her decision seems improbable. Something in her face takes him back to that terrible hour in which he first saw her, when with pale face and undaunted spirit she accepted the chance of death. Her voice, even in this hour of renunciation of all that she holds dearest, rings clear. "Do you think I would require all your kindness to me, by being the cause of your disinheritance by your uncle? Do you think Lord Shangarry would ever forgive your marriage with a woman of whom no one knows anything—not even her parentage?"

"I am willing to risk all that—"

"But I," slowly, "am not."

"Ella—if you loved me."

"Ah!" a cry breaks from her—a cry that betrays her secret and convinces him of her love for him. It is full of exquisite pain, and seems to wound her. Is it not because she loves him that—"Well, then," says she miserably, "say I do not. Think I do not."

"I will not think it," cries he vehemently, "until you say it. Ella, my beloved, what has this old man's wealth to do with you or me? What has the world to do with us? Come now, look into it with me. Here are you, and here am I, and what else is there in all the wide world for us two, Ella?" and now he breaks into earnest, most manly entreaties, and woos her with all his soul, and at last—as a true lover should—upon his knees.

But she resists him, pushing his clasping hands away.

"I will not! I will not," repeats she steadily.

"Oh, you are cold; you do not care," cries he suddenly. He springs to his feet angry, yet filled with an admiration for her—that has, if not increased his love—made it more open to him. A strong man himself, and hard to move, he can see the splendid strength of this poor girl, who because of her love for him repulses his love for her.

His sudden movement has upset the small table on which the dressing case is standing, and brings it heavily to the ground.

There is a crash, a breaking asunder of the sides of the case, and here on the carpet before their astonished gaze lies a small sheaf of letters and a faded photograph. Where had they come from? Had there been a secret drawer? Wyndham stooping picks them up. A name catches his eye. Why, this thing surely is a certificate of marriage.

As he reads hurriedly, breathlessly, going from one letter to another and back again, from the few pages of a small, disconnected diary to the marriage certificate in his other hand, his face grows slowly white as death.

"Oh, what is it?" cries Ella, at last.

"Give me time." His tone is full of ill-repressed agitation.

Again he reads:

The girl drops on her knees beside him, her face no less white than his. What does it all mean! What secret do these old letters hold? The photograph is lying still upon the floor, and her eyes riveting themselves upon it feel at once as though they were looking at someone—someone remembered, loved! She stares more eagerly. Surely it reminds her too of . . . of—she leans closer over it . . . of someone—feared—and hated! Oh! how could that gentle face be feared, or hated, and was there not someone—who—

"Oh! I know it," cries she suddenly violently. She springs to her feet as if stung and turns a ghastly face on Wyndham,

"Look at it," cries she, gasping, pointing to the photograph at her feet. "It is like your aunt, Mrs. Prior."

"Like your aunt!" says Wyndham slowly—emphatically. The hand with the letters in it has dropped to his side, but he is holding those old documents as if in a vice.

"Mine—Mrs. Prior—oh, no—oh, no," says Ella, making a gesture of fear and horror.

"Yes, yours and mine, Ella!" There is passionate delight and triumph in his whole air. "A moment ago you said you had no name—now—now" striking the papers in his hand, "you have one! These are genuine, I swear they are, and they prove you to be the granddaughter of Sir John Burke, and of—strangest of all things—the Professor."

"I—how can I understand—What is it?" asks she faintly.

He explains it to her, and it is, indeed, all that he has said. The breaking up of that queer old dressing-case that afterwards Mrs. Prior had most unwillingly to admit belonged to Ella's mother—the lost Eleanor Burke—brought all things to a conclusion. There was the diary in it that proved the writer to be Eleanor Burke beyond all doubt and the heiress of her dead father, Sir John; and there was the marriage certificate that proved poor Eleanor's marriage to as big a scamp as could be found in Europe, which is saying a good deal; and there were many other letters besides—to show that the scamp who called himself Haynes to evade the law (and his father) was the son of Professor Hennessy. That Ella had forgotten the other name her poor mother bore, "Haynes," and had let her identity be lost in the word Moore, had, of course, much to do with the unhappy mystery that had so long surrounded her. After Sir John's death—that left Eleanor, his eldest girl, his heir, or failing her, her children, much search had been made for Eleanor under the name of Haynes—but naturally to small avail. Anyway, the whole thing had gradually sunk out of sight, Eleanor was accepted as dead, and her fortune lapsing to Mrs. Prior, she reigned in her stead.

"You see how it is," says Wyndham, who from a rather prematurely old self-contained man has developed into an ordinary person full of enthusiasm. "You are now Miss Hennessy—a hideous name, I allow. But you were," with a flick of humor, "so very anxious for a name of any sort that perhaps you will forgive the ugliness. And you are heir to a good deal of money on both sides. Mrs. Prior will have to hand out a considerable amount of her capital, and as for me . . . I feel nothing less than a defrauder. You know my grandfather, the Professor, left me the bulk of his fortune—not knowing you were so much as in the world at the time he made his will—Of course, that too—Are you listening, Ella?"

The fact that the girl is not listening to him has evoked this remark. Whatever "gray grief" had to do with her a few minutes ago before the breaking of her mother's dressing-case, it has nothing to do with her now. All the splendor of youth has come back to her face—and all the happiness; yet still it is quite plain to him that her mind is not set on the money that fate has cast upon her path—or on the high chances of gaining a place in society—but on—

"No," says she slowly—simply—and with a touch of trouble, as if bringing her mind with difficulty back to something far away.

"You must give me your attention for a moment," says he sharply. Ever since he discovered that she was not only the possessor of a very good name in spite of its ugliness, but also the heiress of a very considerable sum of money, all passion has died out of his tone. If he thought, however, by this to deceive her with regard to his honest feeling for her, he is entirely mistaken. "There are things to which you will have to listen—to which you ought to wish to listen. And if," with a frown, "you will not think of your good fortune, of what will you think?"

There is a long silence. And then—

There is a little rush towards him, and two arms are flung around his neck.

"I am thinking," cries she softly, clinging to him, "that now I can marry you."

Heavily moments on this side of the sky are few and far between. It is Ella, so strangely unlike a woman, who breaks into the delicious silence.

"That night! I wish now—"

"Wish nothing so far as that is concerned. That night I saw you first, gave you to me."

James E. Nicholson.

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AYER'S Sarsaparilla

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"But—"

"That sounds like fright," interrupts he, laughing. "But you are not easily frightened, are you? That night—you see I insist upon going back to it," catching her hands and drawing her to him—"no, you shall not be ashamed of it. That night in which we both met for the first time you were not frightened. You walked towards death without a qualm."

"Ah! I was too wretched then to be frightened by anything," says she.

She looks at him, a smile parts her lips, and slowly, slowly she leans towards him until her cheek is resting against his.

"I should be frightened now," says she softly

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Miss Barry to her niece for Wyndham and reached their "ender," with a match. Not distance. I again, and it had been

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tinctly, "I wonder how you could suggest it to me."

"Certainly he is very ugly," says Miss Barry, who has grown, poor soul, very meek of late; the smashing of the bank that had held the four hundred pounds, the savings of years, that the Rector had laid by with the hope of putting his eldest boy into the army, has lowered her spirit. Poverty seems to pursue them. And the sight of the Rector crushed and more gaunt than usual has gone to her old heart. If only Susan, any of them could be provided for! How happy that girl Ella is; how rich the man is who has chosen her, and yet is she to be so much as compared with Susan? Miss Barry's soul swells within her with the injustice of it all.

If only Susan could be induced to think of James McIveagh. But no, Susan is not like that. She looks up suddenly, and there before her eyes are James and Susan strolling leisurely, in quite a loverlike way, towards the little shrubbery. Could the girl have taken her hint to heart? A glow of hope radiates her mind for a moment. But then come other thoughts, and fear, and trouble, and a keen, strange disappointment.

No, no! Susan to be worldly! Her pretty girl! God grant she has not been the means of driving her to belie her better—her own—self.

Good gracious! If Susan comes back and tells her she has engaged herself to James because of her father's trouble—because of Caw's trouble—what shall she do? Miss Barry, who is hardly equal to emergencies so great as this, looks with a certain wildness around her. Who can help her? That foolish girl must be sent for: brought back from that shrubbery where Miss Barry, in her panic, feels now assured James is once again for the hundredth time proposing to her, and being (no doubt to his everlasting astonishment) accepted. The last words can't have been said as yet: there may still be time to drag Susan out of the fire.

Wyndham and Ella and Miss Manning are coming towards her. Ella is going home; it is nearly seven o'clock and Wyndham will have barely time to see her to the Cottage and catch his train to Dublin. Miss Barry bids him a rather hurried good-bye, and then looks around for Betty. Betty is always useful—when she can be found! But unfortunately Betty and Dom have gone off to eat green gooseberries in the vegetable garden, a fearsome occupation, of which they are both disgracefully fond, and that seems to affect their stomachs in no wise. Betty, therefore, is not to be had, but Miss Barry's troubled eye wandering around sees Crosby, who is sitting with Bonnie on his knee, and with courage born of desperation she beckons him to come to her.

"Mr. Crosby, I want Betty. Where is she?"

"I think she went into the garden a moment ago with Dom."

"Do you mind—would you be so good as to tell her I want her, and at once."

"Certainly," says Crosby, laughing, "though she and Dom, or both, bring down all the anathemas in the world on my head."

He starts on his quest. A little glad, indeed, to get away from the others. Early in the afternoon he had had a little tiff with Susan—just a small thing, a mere breeze, and certainly of his own creating. He had said something about James—why the deuce can't he leave James alone? But it seems he can't of late; and Susan had been little, just a little—what was it?—offended? Well, put out in some way at all events. Perhaps after all she does care for James. Like to like you know—and youth to youth; and there can be but a year or two between him and Susan.

At this moment there is a quick movement of the branches on his left; someone is pushing the laurel bushes aside with an angry, impatient touch, and now—

Susan has stepped into view. A new Susan, angry, pale, hurried. Her soft eyes are dark and frowning, but as she sees Crosby they light again and grow suddenly thick with tears. Then, as though in him lie comfort and protection, she runs to him, holding out her hands.

He catches them and, saying nothing, draws her down the bank and into a little leafy recess that leads to a small wood beyond. The touch of her hand is good to him. She has forgiven, then, that late little conflict. She can be angry with James too, it seems. Confound that fool! What has he been saying to her?

"Well?" says he.

(To be concluded.)

A Good Idea.

The theatrical manager looked serious. "We must do something to create a sensation," he said.

"But what?" asked the treasurer.

"I don't know, but we must do something; we must startle the people in some way; we must show our originality."

"Why not introduce a bloomer dance as a specialty?" asked the treasurer. "Bloomers and the New Woman are all the rage now."

"Won't do," replied the manager.

"Why not?"

"Too old."

"Then I give it up," said the treasurer.

"There is nothing I can think of we can do, unless—unless—by George! I believe that is just the thing."

"Yes? What is it?"

"Why, dress the chorus in skirts."

"You've got it," cried the delighted manager.

Her Hope.

Chicago Round.

"Thomas," said his mother proudly, "I'm very much pleased with you for winning that prize in the oratorical contest. It was a fine triumph. I hope, Thomas, that with this added spur to your ambition you will come home to tell me of a still greater victory, a still nobler triumph. Yes, Thomas," she continued, as the youth stood blushing before her, "I hope that you will yet score a touch-down in a football match."

Bad Times: Save Money.

Every crystal uniform, every crystal pure; every particle of Windsor Table Salt all salt, all salty salt; scientific manufacture gives you that; never cakes. Try it.

Books and Authors.

THE coming of Mr. Hall Caine to Canada should be taken advantage of if possible to improve our acquaintance with the author of *The Manxman*. He is quite an authority on literary matters, and if Manager Suckling of Massey Hall could engage him to lecture here on the Mission of Fiction and The Drama, two thousand people could easily be attracted to hear him. It is not likely that he will escape from America without being lionized to some extent—at least he will be required to lecture in Boston. By the way, Dr. Conan Doyle, who talked to us for an hour one evening last year in Massey Hall, and who is being recalled to our attention in Sir Henry Irving's presentation of his powerful little play, *A Story of Waterloo*, has just declared that an American lecture tour will prove satisfactory to an English author if he undertakes it merely expecting to see the country and pay expenses. Dickens and Thackeray made American lecturing tours pay, but Dr. Doyle says that smaller men cannot do it.

It would no doubt have been wiser on the part of Arthur Stringer had he only given us one volume instead of two, up to the present, for he has only finished his college course and has presumably plenty of time ahead of him for accomplishing great things in literature. In his two volumes, and especially in *Pauline and Other Poems* (just published), are to be found many pieces possessing much merit, and his standing would be higher, his promise more hopeful, had these been printed without the mass of commonplace verse that overweighs the two books. In his zeal Mr. Stringer appears to have written often without a theme to exemplify the facility and variety of his muse. We must conclude that he has forced himself when we compare one poem with another and find in one a distinct music of rhythm and a great strength of idea, while in the other we look in vain for the reason of its existence. The Golden Rod has been worked without conscience by our poets, and new writers should avoid it. By Lake Michigan and On Lake St. Clair are among those pieces that strike me as artificial and devoid of anything that justifies their publication. In this category, should we not really class all poems in which are re-expressed the emotions done over in a thousand forms by a thousand writers? The sunset, the beating of the surge, these hackneyed topics should be tabooed—for Heaven's sake, let us read of them in our scrap-books and not in our new literature. Nothing remains to be said about the surf or the sunset or a dozen other topics to which young poets seem to turn mechanically. Mr. Stringer might also have frowned upon his muse when it started to sing of Shakespeare, and Shelley, Keats and Beethoven. To Francis Perce, on the Return of Songs, seems to be too long, aimless, and modeled after Scott. To One who Sorrows at a Transient Silence, however, written in much the same measure, is really rich in poetic ideas most happily expressed. Is it not so?

Would Paradise be still the same,
If back some's wan'ring spirit came,
And had before our earthlier gaze
The scroll of all its mystic ways?
If once tellurian feet had trod
The hallowed realm that harbors God,
'Twere Heaven half undefined.
Cast not the mystic shroud aside,
Less Heaven turn too common ground,
And all our gods be left uncrowned.
Remain without the wondrous gate,
Still happy! Insestite.
Is the land no mortal walked?
Is it the chamber ne'er unlocked,—
The stranger things we never see,
That charm us by their mystery,
And lure our unwared eyes;
And all the old enchantments die,
When once the veil is cast aside,
And we are left unsatisfied.

Are there not ideas there and well turned expressions? Again, in the same poem, and in pursuance of the same argument:

The stone that gleams beneath the sea,
Takes on a wavy brilliancy;
Till held within two curious hands,
The gaze never understands
How much the green translucent wave
Utile the sea-stone beauty gave.
There is a light illumination not;
Add better to remain unchanged,
Than harder for some idle lore.
The old enchantment held of yore.
Cast back that pebble in the sea
You gathered up too hastily,
And in its watery depths afar,
Still make the stone once more a star.

In Awakening we have the idea of two lovers aroused to the knowledge that their little affair does not fill all time and space:

And still the gloom creeps tremulous,
Dusk waves on waves, and shadowed us;
And then we saw we only wood
The fringes of infinity.

For lo! before our wakened eyes
A million worlds swam through the skies,
Where we who slept beneath the sun,
Had thought the skies held only one.

That is rather pretty and discloses a philosophical train of thought. One of the neatest and best pieces in the book is entitled Lovers, and I quote it in full:

The soul of a man, like a wind-blown leaf,
Was wafted up to the brink of heaven
It shrivelled and grayed in its abject grief,
Where the golden bar were seven.

Poor soul," said the Angel of Life, "why weep?
Why prone by the golden bar?
Glide in through the gate to the Land of Sleep,
Be lulled by the song of the stars."

The soul of the man laughed bitterly,
And turned to his old-time earth:
No land of eternal dreams for me,
Nor the vale of eternal mirth;

But give me that gray-eyed girl again,
That I loved on my ancient earth;
Then cast us down to the great Inane,
And exact what the love is worth."

"Strange!" said the Angel of Life, ala,
As she counted a century's span,
And two souls sank through a far-off cloud;—
But such are the ways of man."

There are ten or a dozen pieces in the volume that are a credit to Mr. Stringer and bring him forward as one not unlikely to produce important work yet. He is evidently a thinking human with a mind that does not wholly exhaust itself, when creating verse, in con-

forming to accepted methods of construction. There is neither profit nor honor in writing the trivial verse that is fashionable to-day. Modeling syllables into certain approved forms is a style of fancy-work that is now as much the vogue as was the working of atrocious mottoes—among the housewives—a score of years ago. While a few of these old mottoes may yet be found suspended over certain doorways, it remains to be seen whether even that degree of permanence is contained in the present hobby. When a writer of poetry discloses a vein of independence, when he goes back to nature and humanity whilst his contemporaries are worshipping in the schools, we have a right to expect something of him sooner or later.

How is it that our poets cannot give us something to correspond with the contributions that are being made to prose literature? Where will we find The Stickit Minister in recent poetry? Where is to be found the Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush of verse? or The Window in Thrums of verse, or— to bring the question right home to us—where are we to find in the product of our Canadian poets anything to correspond with Mr. E. W. Thomson's Old Man Savarin and Other Stories? Nowhere. Poetry is no longer the vehicle of the highest expression, for we might give almost a general application to William Wilfred Campbell's allusion to a rival poet, whom he described as

Sitting on the edge of Nowhere
Weaving nothing into naught.

The poets are sitting in a row with their feet over the edge, admiring each other's proficiency in "weaving nothing into naught." It would seem that the poets are excluded as a race from Drumtochty and every other place where humanity lives and breathes, loves and dies, and works out sweet romances and pathetic tragedies. I would rather be the author of Mr. Thomson's book of short stories than have to the credit of my name all the poetry written by any one of our Canadian poets. He knows the human heart. He has expressed himself unto our most intricate senses; the poets have written in cipher.

Perhaps the best story, from the standpoint of human interest, in Mr. Thomson's book is McGrath's Bad Night. It is powerful in execution. It shows the deft touch of genius. Whether in the broken French of the title story, the Glengarry Scotch of the one that follows it, or in the free English or the Irish brogue of the Civil War stories, the author is equally happy. I wonder what one could say about this book that would induce the intelligent reading public of Canada to greet it with the whirlwind of approval that its merits deserve. Did I know what to say, I would say it. It is one of the few great books written by Canadians—and most of the stories are located in Canada.

A Galloway Herd by S. R. Crockett has just been put on the Canadian market by the Fleming H. Revell Company of Toronto. I have just completed the reading of this book and found it extremely interesting. It resembles The Stickit Minister more than any other of Mr. Crockett's works—in treatment quite like it, indeed—and it is not necessary to say that it contains many splendid passages. There is much humor in the book, too. Here is a little passage, the speaker being Rab Anderson:

"Ye mind me, Nether Neuk, o' the minister o' Nether Dullarg that was sent for to a baptism at some house up on the hills. He was an awfu' man for his meal o' meat, so, as he got there afore twal' o'clock, the wife set doon till him yin o' her cocks that she had killed for his dinner. So when he gae ben to the room to baptise the bairn, the auldest lassie tak' her apron an' shooes out the hen and chickens that had gotten in, an' was clockin' an' dabb'lin' on the floor. 'Shoo,' she says, 'shoo; out o' here wi' ye; rin, hens, rin, that's the man that eat yer faither!'

One of the most amusing humbugs of the day is that which has been played upon the editor of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* in his August number. According to paper published in Colorado, the pictures in the August number of wild animals of the Rocky Mountains in their habitats are clever fakes. They are said to be done by one Frank S. Thayer, a clever photographer, who, in common with one McFadden, a skilled taxidermist, got up the pictures. McFadden took his stuffed animals, comprising almost everything from a buffalo to a prairie-dog, out into places on the plains and mountains, where Mr. Thayer took the photographs. He published them in a book called *Hoofs, Claws and Antlers*, and has again worked them off on the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. All this is given on the authority of the Colorado Great Divide, which ought to know.

In referring last week to Mr. Sherwood's article in the *Canadian Magazine* we spoke of Mr. Powers of Buffalo, whereas that gentleman is a resident of Rochester.

A Wise Dog.

Harper's Round Table.

Here is a dog story, which you can believe or not as you please. A gentleman remarked of a friend's dog that the two eyes of the animal were remarkably different in size. "Yes," was the reply, "and he takes a mean advantage of the fact whenever I have a stranger to dine with me. He first gets fed at one side of my guest, and then goes around the table to his other side, and pretends to be another dog."

A Chance Lost.

Eve stood without the gates of Eden weeping bitterly.

"Never mind, dear," said Adam sturdily. "I will build you a home."

"I know," answered the weeping woman, "but I would like to have stayed there long enough to give the place one good housecleaning at least."

Experience Has Proved It.

A triumph in medicine was attained when



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Hamilton, Ont.

The Doctors Said a Surgical
Operation Was Necessary
to Effect a Cure.

THE LADY LEFT HOSPITAL AND
DOCTORS.

She Uses Paine's Celery Compound
and is Cured.

from your description I should fancy it is a very delightful place. Your study is very weak in the traits denoting a former character. From what I see in it, however, I am sure you have the foundation for a fine development, and among other traits are refinement, love of truth, observation and perception, perseverance, reasoning powers and extreme desire for perfection. Learn to think and act on your own judgment, don't depend too much on others. You should love art and culture of the higher sort, and I think you are a charming little lady.

ENQUIRER.—1. You want my definition of flirting. Well, it's the work that Satan finds for idle girls with empty heads. As to my opinion of a flirt, I don't think I ever bothered to form one. No use wasting time dissecting toy balloons! 2. The best sable is the blackest. The American sable is the pine marten. Sable has a sort of double growth of fur; the shorter, very close and dense; the longer, very loose and lying either way equally well. This growth is the fur which should be long, black and glossy; the more so, the more costly. 3. Your writing lacks power, but has many attractive traits, mainly of the feminine and ingratiating order.

LAURIE.—Your heart will never run away with your head, you are as canny as a Scotchman, which latter

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND B. SHEPPARD - - Editor

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The Drama

ON the last visit of Irving and Terry to this city the theater-going population became temporarily insane. Speculators had secured control of the tickets, and when the sober citizen or his wife sought to buy seats at the box office of the Grand the handsome young man remarked that every seat was sold. This, of course, only made the sober citizen (or his wife) still more determined to see the actors, and so tickets changed hands on the streets at fancy prices. But a reaction always follows a boom, and so when the curtain rose on Monday evening the Grand was only about half full. Several hundred late arrivals added compactness to the audience, but the accommodation was not taxed at all. Joe Murphy has drawn a bigger crowd to the Grand, though he never drew so much money. For some reason people held back from Faust and bought seats for King Arthur, Waterloo and The Bells, and the ever-new Merchant of Venice.



Henry Irving.

And to tell the plain, honest truth, I think that ninety per cent. of those who witnessed the production of Faust on Monday evening were disappointed, though few had courage to admit it. When Lewis Morrison, who is "highly tossed aside by the critics as a truckster in art, can wrest so much of entertainment from out of Goethe's interpretation of the old legend of Faust, what had we not a right to expect when the genius of Irving undertook the same task? Yet though scene followed scene in admirable taste and variety, when all was seen and said and the curtain down, who will claim that we had been given a satisfactory story? The whole production seems designed to impart delight to the student of Goethe. The scenery is historically accurate, but in a fantastical and allegorical creation such as Faust, why should not the story be more important than the views of Nuremberg? I have said that the chief purpose seems to be to delight the student of Goethe, yet it is his eye and his fancy that are delighted.

Twice, I think, last year the arrangements made by Manager Suckling of Massey Hall to introduce the great singer, Melba to Toronto, fell through, owing once to the sudden illness of the great cantatrice, and the second time to a conflict in dates. In neither case was the enterprising manager of Massey Hall at fault. But now we are assured that Melba is really coming on October 7. She is admitted to be the greatest living singer, and we are somewhat interested in her career, because of her Australian origin. At twelve years of age she went to Paris to study under Mme. Marchesi. It was in 1887 that she made her *debut* as Gilda in *Rigoletto*, in a Brussels theater. Her success was so instantaneous that she was secured for a term, and appeared successively as Lakme, Violette, Ophelia and Lucia. In 1888 Sir Augustus Harris secured her for Covent Garden, where she sang Lucia. She appeared again, and, having studied with the composer the part of the heroine in Ambroise Thomas's opera of *Hamlet*, she made her appearance at the Grand Opera in the character of Ophelia, which was successfully repeated eight times and enthusiastically praised by the French critics. Mme. Melba next studied the role of Juliette with the assistance of Gounod, and appeared in that character in London in June, 1889, with Jean de Reszke in his favorite part of Romeo; in the winter of that year she was the favorite prima donna of the Grand Opera at Paris, where she sang the roles of Marguerite, Juliette, Ophelia, Lucia, and Gilda. The latest assumptions of Mme. Melba have been the parts of Esmeralda in Goring Thomas's opera of that name, Elsa in Wagner's *Lohengrin*, and in Elaine, composed by M. Bemberg expressly for her, to whom, by the way, and to Jean de Reszke, the work is dedicated. Mention should also be made of Mme. Melba's beautiful interpretation of the part of Micaela in Bizet's *Carmen*. In concert work Melba has become equally famous, and we are warranted in expecting the greatest musical treat in years when she sings here.

Of course Morrison's conception of Mephistopheles is extravagant and Irving's is exact, yet I am sure more than half the public will prefer Morrison's story as a whole. The latter has no warrant for being a humorous and likable Devil. Irving is a deep, crafty and venomous Devil, thoroughly self-repressed, and when he gets funny he is not a low comedian, for he makes your flesh creep. Yet what warrant has he for being a deceptively Devil? Mephistopheles once fell from a great height and so is entitled to limp, yet his appearance of infirmity is all too convincing. I cannot understand, however, the objection of a morning paper to the monkeys and witches "being taken in dead earnest." If these are merely symbolical and have no right to appear bodily on the stage, so is Mephistopheles symbolical and without right to appear. In a play that is based upon a magical conjuring up of the Devil, one has no right to object to a witch more or less.

The pictorial interest dominates every other in the production. Even Mephisto and Marguerite are made to give way, while Faust is reduced to comparative unimportance. We are shown very little of the workings of his mind, of his emotions as he considers the empty gains of his compact with the Evil One. He is almost constantly the reluctant and exposu-

lating tool of the evil presence at his side. Goethe made Mephisto for a period the dutiful servant of Faust, who did not hesitate to command him. In this (Mr. W. G. Wills') adaptation we find Mephisto tyrannizing his victim from the start. Faust is driven. All the earlier acts are cut up into numerous scenes, so that in the pictorial interest the story is disjointed. To pad out the illustrations the story should be told at twice its length.

Enough cannot be said for Ellen Terry's work as Marguerite. At first she did not quite look the innocent little maiden, because her proportions are too splendid. Her effort at a girlish run to the window was somewhat disillusioning, yet soon her genius asserted itself. After her brother's death, when all turned against her and she stood forlorn before the statue of the Virgin—her girl friend seized a chance to embrace her, then it was that almost every eye was moist. In the dungeon, however, demented and condemned to die, then we saw that this was the Marguerite of Ellen Terry and no other. Those who saw that act will long remember it. Her acting was surely matchless.

In the Merchant of Venice we have all seen and admired Irving's perfect Shylock and Miss Terry's Portia, yet when another opportunity of seeing the play presented itself Wednesday evening, the lover of Shakespeare could not stay away. King Arthur, however, attracted the largest audiences of the week. This is the sort of play that suits Toronto. Becket was a great production; it enthralled us last year, and now we have King Arthur to hold an important place in our memories. It was Mr. J. Comyns Carr who dramatized this piece, and it was first presented at the Lyceum Theater, London, on January 12th last. In The Story of Waterloo and The Bells the company will no doubt splendidly close the week's engagement. As Matthias in The Bells and as the veteran soldier in The Story of Waterloo, Irving is at his very best. In regard to the production of Faust, it remains to be said that Irving, on first presenting it at the Lyceum, declared in a speech that it was the theatrical manager in him, and not the actor, that had designed the attraction, and in the managerial interest it was given. As a spectacle, then, it must be judged, and as such it is unsurpassed.

Minor theatrical attractions have been quite overshadowed this week by the Irving-Terry engagement at the Grand. Popular interest has centered in the big event, yet good houses have greeted Other People's Money at the Princess and A Railroad Ticket at the Toronto Opera House. Mr. Dickson has proved quite a favorite at the Princess, and the brisk American comedy has called forth much applause. A Railroad Ticket is more crowded with specialties than when last seen here, and may really be described as a variety performance—but it is a good entertainment, name it as you will, and greatly pleased large audiences all week.

The opening event of the season at the Massey Music Hall on Friday next will be Miss Jessie Alexander's presentation of a monologue version of Dr. Maurier's popular story of Trilby. With some judicious changes from the original text, the adaptation which Miss Alexander is to present is said, by those who have enjoyed a private rehearsal, to be full of many strong dramatic situations, and with such characters as Sandy, the Laird o' Cockpen, Madame Vinard and the irrepressible Zou Zou, the comedy element is not lacking. Miss Alexander's greatest successes have been won in character impersonation, and in assuming the dozen distinct characters in Trilby she will have ample opportunity to display her versatility in dialect and acting. The fact of this being the first opportunity of hearing a platform adaptation in Toronto of this much discussed story will doubtless attract a crowded house on Friday next.

Twice, I think, last year the arrangements made by Manager Suckling of Massey Hall to introduce the great singer, Melba to Toronto, fell through, owing once to the sudden illness of the great cantatrice, and the second time to a conflict in dates. In neither case was the enterprising manager of Massey Hall at fault. But now we are assured that Melba is really coming on October 7. She is admitted to be the greatest living singer, and we are somewhat interested in her career, because of her Australian origin. At twelve years of age she went to Paris to study under Mme. Marchesi. It was in 1887 that she made her *debut* as Gilda in *Rigoletto*, in a Brussels theater. Her success was so instantaneous that she was secured for a term, and appeared successively as Lakme, Violette, Ophelia and Lucia. In 1888 Sir Augustus Harris secured her for Covent Garden, where she sang Lucia. She appeared again, and, having studied with the composer the part of the heroine in Ambroise Thomas's opera of *Hamlet*, she made her appearance at the Grand Opera in the character of Ophelia, which was successfully repeated eight times and enthusiastically praised by the French critics. Mme. Melba next studied the role of Juliette with the assistance of Gounod, and appeared in that character in London in June, 1889, with Jean de Reszke in his favorite part of Romeo; in the winter of that year she was the favorite prima donna of the Grand Opera at Paris, where she sang the roles of Marguerite, Juliette, Ophelia, Lucia, and Gilda. The latest assumptions of Mme. Melba have been the parts of Esmeralda in Goring Thomas's opera of that name, Elsa in Wagner's *Lohengrin*, and in Elaine, composed by M. Bemberg expressly for her, to whom, by the way, and to Jean de Reszke, the work is dedicated. Mention should also be made of Mme. Melba's beautiful interpretation of the part of Micaela in Bizet's *Carmen*. In concert work Melba has become equally famous, and we are warranted in expecting the greatest musical treat in years when she sings here.

Mr. H. N. Shaw, B.A., Principal of the Conservatory School of Elocution, has made several important additions to his teaching staff. His assistants will now be Mr. William Thorold, B.A., assistant principal, and Miss Nelly Berryman, Miss Kate L. Root, Miss Jean Mortimer and Miss Gertrude Trotter. Miss Berryman comes from Boston, where her

talents are highly regarded. When Sophocles' tragedy, *Electra*, was put on last year Mr. Thorold's work attracted attention.

Andrews will present *My Wife's Friend* at the Grand for the first half of next week. During the latter half Alexander Salvini will appear in a repertoire of plays.

Mr. Frederick Bond, who made such a favorable impression in Fresh, the American at the Princess last week, returns to that theater next Monday night in Sidney Grundy's comedy *The Arabian Nights*. It is an old favorite comedy of Augustin Daly's, of the same order as *A Night Off*, abounding in funny situations, and in the hands of such an artist as Frederick Bond should prove a treat. Mr. Bond's company has been materially strengthened since last seen here, several well known artists having been secured. The usual bargain day matinee on Wednesday will be given.

Robert Gaylor will present his new play, *In A Big City*, described as "a stupendous mirror of all the variegated phases of New York life," at the Toronto Opera House next week. The chief charm about Mr. Gaylor's work is its

Bismarck's Little Joke.

When the terms of peace were being arranged after the capitulation of Paris, M. Thiers was at the head of the delegation, and with him went M. Pouyer-Quertier.

For little Thiers, with his high-pitched voice, Bismarck affected contempt, while for the big Pouyer-Quertier, with his great voice, tremendous appetite and capacity for drinking beer and smoking, he showed constant admiration.

The smoking and drinking during negotiations were extremely offensive to Thiers, and accordingly Bismarck pretended to regard Pouyer-Quertier, who was of inferior intelligence, as the principal member of the delegation, and gave him much attention. In one of their diplomatic smoke-takes at Frankfort, Pouyer-Quertier compained to the Iron Chancellor of the charges on German railways.

"I paid," he said, "sixteen thalers for my ticket from the frontier here. In France it would be about half."

Bismarck laughed.

"When you consider," he said, "that the sixteen thalers included the return fare and all other return expenses, even wine and cigars, it



For Saturday Night.

"The day is o'er,
The moon is bright,
O! come, my love,
With me to-night."
Thus Tommy sings.

"The stars do shun—
Your lover shun,
Dost wait below,
What wouldst thou
Have me to do?"

"The casement opens wide—
A big mistake,"
Her father screams,
"I see you make;
Her window is on to the side!"

L'Envole.—
The night, it's warm,
The moon, she's bright,
But lover shun,
Without ado
Is out of sight.

MARGUERITE E. BENNETT.

Sweet Yesterday.

For Saturday Night.

Gone, gone

Without a sign or token of farewell,

Ere dawn

Had wakened at the softly tinkling bell.

She came in a great cloud of sunny joy,

And sweet words upon her red lips dwelt,

Like dewdrops on the rose, so fair and coy.

I clung to her as to a treasured friend.

I begged of her to linger here and rest.

All her life was drawing to an end.

Gone, gone,

Folded within the shadow of the night;

So wan,

Like the pale clouds that welcome in the light.

Farewell, farewell, sweet Yesterday;

The Fates decree that we must part.

And deep within thy lonely grave,

I cast the sorrows of my heart.

JHN HANSON

The Late Prophet.

For Saturday Night.

There's sorrow in the Capitol, the senators retreat,

And shrink they from the public gaze and from the public street,

And no man dares to breathe aloud, but all with wonder-

ing eye

Would view the Storm God on the wind ride furiously by.

They look to where the Yukon flows by distant Jannean's peaks,

Or on blue Laurentian mountains where the golden eagle shriek,

They list for winds from Hudson's caves where hides the Arctic wolf;

Or where the Anticosti smack goes scudding down the Gulf;

They count the foam-encircling rafts that run the Gaspesie,

And wonder much that sailors bold will dare to further go;

They mark the funnel-flaming lights of Eddy's mill by night,

They watch on Sherwood hill at morn the swallows' homeward flight.

But all is calm, the Storm God's mute to the prophet's mad desire,

And distant Urs Major smiles on fame's funeral pyre.

By Ridesau's most portico saw ye the prophet stand,

No dire prophecy form with scroll and kingly wands,

Yet not unlike the ancient sires of Britain and of Gaul;

The latter he resembles most, is now affirmed by all,

For he doth much soliloquize on darkness and on flame.

Or pent-up Thunder in the clouds and storms that never came.

He now unfolds the heavenly chart, see Libra rules the hour,

Tis seen the Cusp, Pythagoras hath written of its power.

But hark! The colts' litter bark beyond the Chaudries,

The sheep are out upon the hills and cattle everywhere,

The laughing ploughboy turns to mirth the prophet's sacred word,

More keenly seems the jest of fools than edge of flitting sword;

Old women shrinking, for a time exultingly exclaim,

"Where is the storm that was to be—the storm that never came?"

Nor has the sun more brightly shone in the memory of man;

It seemed as though the warmth of June into September ran.

Where is the lightning flash, the hail, the thunder and the sheet?

Ho, senators of Ottawa; here on the public street,

Come show to us your prophet; though long we've known his name.

A synonym of fol de roil, who's lately come to fame.

W. A. S.

Only a Little Way.

A little way to walk with you, my own—

Only a little way;

Then one of us must weep and walk alone—

Until God's day.

A little way! It is so sweet to live

Together, that I know

Life would not have one withered rose to give

If one of us should go.

And if these lips should ever learn to smile,

With your heart far from mine,

Twould be for joy that in a little while

They would be kissed by thine.

—Frank L.

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.

MEDITERRANEAN

Travel to Southern France, Italy, Egypt, the Nile or Palestine during 1895 will be unpreceded. Travellers should arrange their tours early in order to secure choice of berths and rooms. Sailing Lists of all lines, plans of steamers, illustrated books, rates, etc., may be obtained and berths reserved at any time.

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Short Stories Retold.

Whistler, the artist, once sat at the theater next to a lady who was going in and out of her seat constantly, not only as soon as each act was finished, but also while the play was going on. The space between the rows of seats was very narrow, and the artist was subjected to much annoyance as she passed him. "Madam," he said at length, in his sweet tones, "I trust I do not inconvenience you by keeping my seat?"

A story is told of a dying miser, by whose bedside sat the lawyer receiving instructions for the preparation of his last will and testament. "I give and bequeath," repeated the attorney aloud, as he commenced to write the accustomed formula. "No, no," interrupted the sick man, "I will neither give nor bequeath anything. I can not do it." "Well, then," suggested the man of law, "suppose we say *lend*. 'I lend until the last day.'" "Yes, that will do better," assented the unwilling testator.

Labouchere, while undergoing his Little-go examination at Cambridge, noticed a number of dons prowling about, in the hopes of catching someone cheating. So he hastily scribbled a few words upon a sheet of paper, hid it away under his blotter and ostentatiously referred to it from time to time, with a great parade of looking furtively around to see that nobody was looking. The trap was not long in taking effect. Argus thunderingly enquired what he had got there. "Oh! nothing—at least, only a piece of paper," stammered the ingenuous youth provokingly. But the examiner was inexorable. He insisted on looking under the blotter and was rewarded by reading, in a large, round hand, the words: "You may be very clever, but you can't eat cake!"

Lord Rivulet was a candidate in a certain English election, and the charming partner of his joys and sorrows was doing her best to win his election. During her canvass she tackled a sturdy workingman who was smoking a clay pipe and wearing a cloth cap. "Won't you vote for Lord Rivulet?" "No, I won't vote for Lord Raffler," was the brusque reply; "he's one of them chaps as don't get up till twelve o'clock, by which time I've done half a day's work; no, I'll not vote for that kind of man."

"Oh, but you are quite mistaken, I assure you; I know that Lord Rivulet gets up quite early." "How do you know that?" "Because I'm his wife." Taking his pipe from his mouth and doffing the cap, the outspoken voter said: "Well, ma'am, if I was Lord Raffler I don't think I should get up all day."

Dr. Donald Macleod tells a story about the late Professor Blackie. The professor frequently stayed at Dr. Macleod's house in Glasgow. "One night," says the doctor, "we were sitting up together. Blackie said in his brisk way, 'Whatever other faults I have, I am free from vanity.' An incredulous smile on my face aroused him. 'You don't believe that! Give me an instance.' Being thus challenged, I said, 'Why do you walk about flourishing a plaid continually?' 'I'll give you the history of that, sir. When I was a poor man and when my wife and I had our difficulties, she one day drew my attention to the threadbare character of my surtouts, and asked me to order a new one. I told her I could not afford it just then, when she went like a noble woman and put her own plaid shawl on my shoulders; and I have worn a plaid ever since in memory of her loving deed."

Some years ago there lived in Alabama a judge who was noted for the sarcasm which he dispensed during his administrations of justice. On one occasion a young man was tried for stealing a pocketbook. The next case was for murder. The evidence in the larceny case was slight, but in the other seemed to the judge conclusive. To his amazement and wrath, however, the jury convicted the young man and acquitted the murderer. In passing sentence upon the convicted thief, after the discharge of the other prisoner, the judge said: "Young man, you have not been in this country long?" "No, your honor," replied the prisoner. "I thought not," said the judge; "you don't know these people; you may kill them, but don't touch their pocketbooks." On another occasion, when the evidence seemed to point conclusively to the prisoner's guilt, but when the judge, from long experience, distrusted the jurymen's wisdom, the counsel for the defendant said: "It is better

that ninety-nine guilty persons should escape than that one innocent man should suffer." In his charge to the jury the judge admitted the soundness of this proposition, but he added impressively and severely: "Gentlemen, I want you to bear in mind that ninety-nine have already escaped."

London is laughing over a bit of testimony given in the hearings on Lady Henry Somerset's crusade against the London public halls. Lady Henry Somerset determined to collect evidence herself. She secured another lady as zealous as herself as a companion, and the pair obtained the services of a young curate of their acquaintance as male escort. Lady Henry is a woman of generous proportions, and the lady who was to accompany her was rather the larger of the two. On the other hand, the young curate was slight and weazened, with a pale, mild face that bore a perpetual air of melancholy. The trip was made, and when the detective party was placed upon the stand during the hearing, the justice asked her ladyship if, in her travels in the slums, she had been molested or accosted in any offensive way. Lady Henry was compelled to reply that she had not. Her companion gave similar testimony. When the little curate took the stand, the judge asked the same question of him—if he had been accosted. "Yes," replied the little man, in a shrill voice, "and very offensively too." "Well," said the judge, "what did the woman say to you?" "Well, sir," the curate declared, with intense indignation, "in one of the music-halls a couple of women came up to me, and one of them brazenly chucked me under the chin and said: 'Why so sad, Willie?'" Even Lady Henry Somerset could not suppress her laughter.

Between You and Me.

THAT all the fools are not dead yet is a fact rendered patent by occurrences of every day. There are some people who are ready to try any absurd experiment on themselves that can be suggested, to allow themselves to be hypnotized, mesmerized, or what not. A lady suffering from insomnia recently, by the advice of a friend, learned to put herself into a mesmeric sleep. While she lay in this condition, the lamp beside her exploded. She was within an ace of being burned to death, and now lies in a sad condition of wounded body and shattered nerves. Another idiot tried what he had been told was an excellent cure for sleeplessness, by partly turning on his gas jet before retiring. He neglected to open the transom for ventilation and was found sleeping, sure enough, and almost beyond the possibility of being awakened.

Here is a sad story on the new woman, her of the blue-stocking variety. The students were all at lecture; in the front row sat eight females, and the lecturer discussed crystals and their geometric forms. "An octahedron," said he, "is a body with eight plain faces. For example—" "Front bench," shouted a bold, bad boy from the rear seats. Wasn't it smart of him?

"What can she do?" said I, when the good Samaritan came to ask me to help place a lone woman. "Oh, not anything very well. She might do as a companion," said the G. S. vaguely. I don't know which I pity most, the lone woman or her employer, who, I suppose, would be also a very lone woman or she wouldn't pay anyone for the blessing of her company. Think of it, how hard a row to hoe. To be a companion for cash, without a speck of mutual attraction, or interest, or desire for the society of your responsibility. Never to feel free to be grumpy, or snappish, or solitary, or sociable, save at the orders or caprice of someone else. A desert island and slow starvation would be better.

I have just turned up a pretty little picture that makes me homesick for the Old Country, just a little glimpse of Powerscourt Waterfall, in the County Wicklow, a short ride out of Dublin. There is a little river, such an absurd attempt at a river, that giggles to itself at the very idea of being anything of the sort, for many a mile through a beautiful glen called the Dargle. Then it kicks up its giddy heels and turns a somersault over a cliff seventy feet high, and goes merrily on, a little impressed with a new sense of dignity, for that last frisky prank resulted in the fairytale thread of cascading bubbles known as Powerscourt Waterfall. We bivouacked there one golden June morning and chummed with a north country parson and his nine little Celts, while Mrs. Parsons sat aloof with the tenth and impeded nourishment. And when the little picture turned up just now, it brought it all back to me—the earnest, unsophisticated man, in his clerical long-tailed coat and shoveltail; the hearty, wholesome, clear-eyed boys and girls, brimming with wit and devilment, but little well-bred creatures above it all; the horse tethered behind the carryall, where one did arithmetic to discover how the children could be accommodated by any system of packing; the frugal big lunch basket, with bread and cheese and seed-cake for the picnic fare; the wheel leaning confidentially against each other while their riders roamed and looked and tried to take brain photos of the charming place. Really, it isn't quite so much the fun of being there that repays the traveler in search of the world's beauty spots; it is rather some such sweet memory, cropping up unexpectedly in the commonplace ways of sordid everyday life and gilding the clouds for us.

I remember that person asked some queer questions about Canada. He seemed to have derived his information regarding the Great and Only from the relatives of such of his parishioners as had emigrated in this direction. It was a grim, hard, cold land to him, deeply snowed under during a great part of the year. His ideas of scenery had been mainly based on the perusal of a Carnival number of an eastern journal, and his enquiry, "Do you find it very difficult to keep warm?" was evidently a mild reference of wonder that we were not frozen to death, and suggested Greenland to a nicely. I regret to say that the wicked Irish boy who was my escort, took pains to deepen the good man's impression of Canada, and we left him in two minds as to

whether his duty did or did not call upon him to persuade us not to return to such a frigid land.

Here is a facer! "Dear Lady Gay,—Are you a Christian? Do you belong to a church? I ask because I am anxious for your eternal good." My dear, kind soul, I belong to a very respectable church, where we have a surprised choir, shining brass collection plates, and two of the best-looking churchwardens in Toronto. It is sweet of you to be anxious for my eternal good, but you may set your mind at rest, because, for obvious reasons, you can't be half so anxious for it as I am. "Does my question make you angry?" Certainly not.

LADY GAY.

The New Modes.

AS September deepens the shops are filled with autumn goods in such variety as to be an embarrassment of riches to the chronicler of fashions. The new

wool fabrics are a delight to the eye with their depth of color, and to the touch with their delightful softness. Zibeline and all kindred fabrics with fleecy finish are adopted by the Paris dressmakers for the models they send forth for the first winter gowns. These stuffs are exceedingly effective, and are also comfortable to wear, as their open loom weaving makes them of very light weight. Zibeline is the French word for sable, and a fleece as of fur distinguished many new stuffs, some of the sibilines looking not unlike the familiar Canton flannel on account of the length and smoothness of the fleece. The French manufacturers have even added, and with excellent effect, a soft downy surface to the popular covert coating which English tailors have hitherto commanded for its firm, hard finish.

The coming modes are, however, best made known by returning dressmakers who have visited the Paris workshops in search of the latest and most positive information. The new gowns are composite in style. They represent the dress worn under three reigns, those of Louis XIV., Louis XV., and Louis XVI. of France. Some gowns have features taken from the styles of each of these reigns, but there are Louis XVI. dresses imported that are literal copies of those worn by Marie Antoinette and the beautiful women of her court. Other dresses similarly titled will, however, omit the striking features of the originals, and will have large-topped sleeves not unlike those of recent seasons. The new skirts are as full as ever, and of many different shapes. There will be no special cut that will exclude all others, as during recent seasons. The tendency is to widen the skirts at the top, and instead of cutting the back in godets to gore the broads, and either pleat them each in a few small side pleats to the belt, or else to partly shirr them and partly box-pleat them, more especially for having two narrow box-pleats directly in the middle of the back. The front often falls in one broad box-pleat gradually widening to the foot in the way suggested two seasons ago. There is very little stiffening in the first dresses imported. Not a single gown shown from four of the best Paris houses was interlined up the back. Haircloth from ten to fourteen inches deep is around the foot, and in one model skirt this interlining is only four inches deep. All the skirts are lined closely with taffeta silk, except in a few instances where they hang full over a silk foundation skirt. Scarcely any trimming is on skirts, one novel exception being the inlaying of satin in very narrow bands edged with jet down a *crepon* skirt. Worsted braid with a cord edge is again used to finish off the foot of skirts. The reader will be glad to know that her dresses of last winter will be available again, at least as far as the skirt is concerned.

The coat-waist, very short and very much trimmed, promises to be the favorite corsage. The basque part is sometimes cut in one with the waist and sometimes added on. In many the coat or basque effect is confined to the back only, while the front is pointed or quite round. The back is in one broad piece without a seam down the middle, and is stitched in four or six pleats just at the waistline, then allowed to fall plain in the short square tail below. Buttons and loops of braid or ribbon are set crosswise on this little basque tail. What dressmakers call the "ripple back" is *à la mode*, flat effects being preferred. Very fashionable London tailors are making the regular habit bodice with postillion back and pointed front for cloth gowns. Short jacket fronts and others in extremely long points are made by French *couturières*. These open on very full veats of any soft stuff that gathers and puffs effectively, *chiffon*, net, *lysse*, and other transparent fabrics being used inside jackets of rather heavy wools.

Round waists of elaborate *crepons* have a yoke of embroidered satin cut very low on the shoulders and worn with close bands at the top of the sleeves to make them still longer.

For simpler wool dresses there are round

waist fronts laid in one wide box-pleat, either double or triple folded, drooping very slightly at the belt if it droops at all, and crossed at the top by four rows of velvet ribbon, each row tied in a bow just in the middle. For this ribbon the new ribbed velvets are chosen, and they are usually in contrast to the color of the gown. Other round waists of wool open in short jacket fronts on a vest formed of alternate bands of velvet and white satin; here, too, a contrast of color is given in the velvet. A new fancy is for many rows of black velvet baby-ribbon as trimming for the short jacket waists of wool gowns, the rows passing across the back at the waist-line and up the fronts.

The collars for even very simple waists are high and much trimmed. They may be either plain bands or else a stock, but they are finished on either side with box-pleated ruffles of velvet, satin or lace, turning downward after having extended up to the ears. Ribbon of great width is passed around the neck and ends in a very large loop and end or a bow of cross loops in the back. This may be black striped gauze for a colored wool gown, or it may be of velvet, or else of the chameleon ribbons, especially those with much green and blue in them, or with orange and brown.

For high waists of reception and theater gowns the novelty is a sharply pointed long front with round back, while around the whole passes a wide belt of velvet in many folds. The effect is very quaint and picturesque. Very rich-colored embroideries done by hand in silks and chenille are on white satin vests that are put in these long pointed waists.

LA MODE.

Saved Much Suffering.

Rev. Father Butler's Interesting Experience.

Suffered From an Abscess in the Side Which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured After Other Medicines Failed.

Caledonia, N.S., Gold Hunter.

Faith leads many to believe, yet when one has experienced anything and has reason to rejoice, it is far stronger proof than faith without reasonable proof. About four miles from Caledonia, along a pleasant road, passing by numerous farms, lives Rev. T. J. Butler, the parish priest of this district. Reports having come to the ears of our reporter about a wonderful cure effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he called on Mr. Butler to seek information on the subject. Mr. Butler spoke in very high terms of the Pink Pills, and said they had saved him untold suffering, and perhaps saved his life. The reverend gentleman felt a little hesitancy at giving a public testimonial at first, but after our reporter remarked that if one was really grateful for a remarkable cure, he thought it was his duty to give it publicity for humanity's sake, he cheerfully consented. His story in his own words is as follows: "I was led to take Pink Pills through reading the testimonials in the papers. I was troubled with an abscess in my side and had tried many different medicines without avail. I took medical advice on the subject, and was told I would have to undergo an operation to cure it which would cost me about \$100. At last I determined to try Pink Pills, but without a great feeling of faith of their curing me. One box helped me and I resolved to take a three months course and give them a fair trial. I did so, and to-day I am completely cured of the abscess in my side through using Pink Pills, and I always recommend friends of mine to use Pink Pills for diseases of the blood." As Father Butler is well known throughout this county his statement is a clincher to the many wonderful testimonials that have appeared in the Gold Hunter from time to time. On enquiring at the stores of J. F. Cushing and N. F. Douglas, it was found that Pink Pills have a sale second to none. Mr. Cushing on being asked if he knew of any cures effected by them replied that he had heard a great many personally say Pink Pills had helped them wonderfully. If given a fair and thorough trial Pink Pills are a certain cure for all diseases of the blood and nerve, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of man they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

The Scorer Scored.

A sceptic, engaged in a religious discussion with a country pastor, thought to end the whole matter by declaring that there was no such place as heaven, and that, for his part, he believed in metempsychosis.

"You believe, then," said the pastor, "that your soul may enter the body of a beast after your death?"

"Certainly."

"And you expect to feel quite at home, I suppose?"

Thereupon the sceptic decided that the last word was with his antagonist.

Too Thick.

Little Willowrean, walking with her mother stumbled several times over the rough pavement. Her mother said, "What's the matter, daughter?"

"Nothing's the matter with me," she indignantly replied. "It's the ground is too thick in places."

Short Journeys on a Long Road

Is the characteristic title of a profusely illustrated book containing over one hundred pages of charmingly written descriptions of summer resorts in the country north and west of Chicago. The reading matter is new, the illustrations will be new to almost everyone.

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The Pedestal of Power Revised.
By the following method it is being strikingly shown that although the Conservatives have carried Great Britain and have a large majority in the House, yet according to the number of votes cast, the Liberals should only be in a minority of ten.

As it is in Seats. As it would be by Votes.

	411		2,480,000		2,350,000
	400		2,400,000		2,300,000
	390		2,300,000		2,200,000
	380		2,200,000		2,100,000
	370		2,100,000		2,000,000
	360		2,000,000		1,900,000
	350		1,900,000		1,800,000
	340		1,800,000		1,700,000
	330		1,700,000		1,600,000
	320		1,600,000		1,500,000
	310		1,500,000		1,400,000
	300		1,400,000		1,300,000
	290		1,300,000		1,200,000
	280		1,200,000		1,100,000
	270		1,100,000		1,000,000
	260		1,000,000		900,000
	250		900,000		800,000
	240		800,000		700,000
	230		700,000		600,000
	220		600,000		500,000
	210		500,000		400,000
	200		400,000		300,000
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which made the subscription for it so great that Mrs. Grant's royalties have amounted to half a million dollars.

The Paris correspondent of the Detroit Sun, in an issue of this month, either the 14th or 15th, says: "I read in a magazine recently that Munkacsy owed his first encouragement to an American patron who met Munkacsy in Dusseldorf, bought one of his pictures, took it to Paris and sent it to the Salón, where it was prominently placed and attracted the admiration of all true connoisseurs. If the story is not true it is at least well told, and it would have more weight if we could find out the name of that wealthy gentleman from Philadelphia. As far as I know, Munkacsy owes his artistic fame to the famous Parisian eccentric, Sledemeyer, who is a banker, if I am not mistaken, and has a picture gallery, of which I am positive, because I remember visiting the place with Meissonier." If the writer really wishes to know who the Philadelphian is, or was, he might be informed that he was Mr. H. P. Wistack, whose collection of pictures was given to that city and is now in Memorial Hall, the only building left of the Fair of 1876. Among them is Munkacsy's The Last Day of the Condemned.

Mr. A. C. Williamson returned last week from Bale St. Paul, Quebec, where he and Mr. Cruckshank have been spending the summer. Mr. Cruckshank is better than when he left home, instead of being in a dying condition was reported.

LYNN C. DOYLE.

Taking Care of Presidents' Families.

Illustrated American.

A grandson of President Tyler died in Washington a few days ago. He had been an acting clerk in one of the departments and he lost his place in a peculiar way. It had been the custom among the old clerks to employ substitutes, to whom they paid a part of their salaries. A son of President Tyler was an employee of the Treasury Department. He became too feeble to perform the work of the place and he summoned his nephew to act as his substitute. The two divided the salary of the place. Congress passed a law prohibiting the employment of substitutes, and both nephew and uncle lost their income. Now the son of John Tyler is living in West Washington in comparative poverty. It is not at all likely that a popular subscription for his relief could be made very profitable, for the people of the United States have well nigh forgotten his father. As for Congress, it has never done anything for Presidents' sons, and in fact not for the families of Presidents, except that it has granted pensions to Presidents' widows.

The ex-Presidents of the United States and their families have been obliged to look to the people of the United States for assistance when they have been in want. Thomas Jefferson received \$16,500 just before his death, as the proceeds of a popular subscription in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Philip Hone, the Mayor of New York, was responsible for this subscription. A popular fund of \$360,000 was raised for the widow and children of President Garfield. Mrs. Garfield is receiving the income from this sum and the principal will be divided among her children when she dies. William H. Vanderbilt lent a large sum of money to General Grant, taking his souvenirs of the famous trip around the world as security; and these souvenirs he returned to Mrs. Grant after her husband's death. They are now in the National Museum at Washington. It was sympathetic as much as interest in the Grant book

The Song That Reached My Heart.

I love the songs we sing to-day—
Say Au Revoir, and Sweet Marie,
And, You Cannot, in Our Yard, Play,
And Will You Not My Sweetheart Be?
The sweet refrain, After the Ball,
Shall ne'er from memory's halls depart;
But the song that thrills Toronto air,
Is the song that reached my heart.

Drinking water, Drinking water,
Bring your pails and dipper, and your kettles, pots and
pans.

Drinking water, Drinking water,
Come all ye men and maidens, as the ancient horn's command.

L. E. DTAS.

Some Harmonies and Contrasts

White contrasts with black and harmonizes with gray.

White contrasts with brown and harmonizes with buff.

White contrasts with blue and harmonizes with sky blue.

White contrasts with purple and harmonizes with rose.

White contrasts with green and harmonizes with pea green.

Cold greens contrast with crimson and harmonize with olive.

Cold greens contrast with orange and harmonize with gray.

Warm greens contrast with pink and harmonize with gray.

Cold greens contrast with white and harmonize with blues.

Warm greens contrast with white and harmonize with white.

Cold greens contrast with pink and harmonize with brown.

Cold greens contrast with gold and harmonize with black.

Warm greens contrast with black and harmonize with brown.

Warm greens contrast with purple and harmonize with citrine.

Warm greens contrast with red and harmonize with sky blue.

Warm greens contrast with maroon and harmonize with orange.

Warm greens contrast with crimson and harmonize with yellows.

Philosophy of a Prince.

Atlanta Journal.

"Did you ever hear the story of how the Prince of Wales asked the Sultan to go and see

the Derby run?" asked Orlando Jones at the Aragon last evening. "Well, it was this wise: The race for the Derby was about to be run, and as the Sultan was then visiting England the prince sent one of his lords-in-waiting to enquire if the Eastern potentate would not like to go to witness the classic contest. The son of the moon and stars was seated propped up by cushions, smoking placidly, when the royal emissary was ushered into his presence.

"His royal highness bids me ask your majesty if it would please you to witness the race for the Derby!" said he, bowing low.

"Does his royal highness mean that I should go and see a horse race?" enquired the Sultan blandly.

"He does, your highness."

"Tell the prince that I cannot do so," replied the ruler of the faithful. "Why should I want to go? All men who are not fools know that some horses are swifter than others."

One Explanation.

Illustrated American.

The origin of the word "Canada" is most curious. According to the legends Canadians tell, the Spaniards visited their country before the French and made particular search for gold and silver. Finding none, they constantly said among themselves, "Aca Nada"—there is nothing here. The Indians, who watched closely, learned this sentence and its meaning. When the French arrived, the Indians, who wanted none of their company, supposing they also were Spaniards bent on the same quest, were anxious to inform them in the Spanish sentence "Aca Nada." The French, however, knowing less of Spanish than even the Indians, supposed this incessantly recurring sound was the name of the country, so called it "Canada," and "Canada" it has been ever since.

Couldn't Say.

"My dear," said a wife who had been married three years, as she beamed across the table on her lord and master, "tell me what first attracted you to me. What pleasant characteristic did I possess which placed me above other women in your sight?"

And her lord and master simply said, "I give it up."

Hard Drinkers Die Sudden Deaths.

So many men, whose excessive fondness for liquor is a standing grief to their friends, give as a reason for not wishing to take the Gold Cure now, that they have important business to arrange before they can go. A lamentable instance of the tendency of drinking men to postpone this, the most important business they have ever been called upon to transact, was afforded last week. Once a wealthy and respected citizen, this gentleman had required years of experience in drinking liquor before he came to the conclusion that his habit in this respect and consequent incapacity were the sole and only cause of the financial disasters which overtook him, left him dependent upon others and a physical wreck. A few weeks ago he concluded to take the famous treatment given at Lakehurst Institute, Oakville, so soon as he should attend to some "important business." A few days ago he dropped dead, his "important business" still unfinished. Does it ever occur to you that tomorrow, or next week, may mean sudden death to you also? Do not delay further; no business can possibly be of greater importance. Take the cure now. Send to 28, Bank of Commerce Building, Toronto, for fuller information and terms.

A provincial paper concluded an account of a local wedding with the following surprising announcement: "The bridegroom's present to the bride was a handsome diamond brooch, besides many other beautiful things in cut glass."

Don't be persuaded to take a substitute!

THE LATEST: JOHN LABATT'S LONDON ALE AND STOUT

AWARDED

GOLD MEDAL

AT SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., 1894

Besides 9 Other GOLD
SILVER and BRONZE
Medals

AT THE WORLD'S GREAT EXHIBITIONS



NURSING MOTHERS!
DURING LACTATION WHEN THE STRENGTH OF THE MOTHER IS DEFICIENT, THE BREASTS ARE SCANTY OR THE MILK QUITE POOR.
WYETH'S MALT EXTRACT!
GIVES MOST SATISFACTION.
PRICE 40 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

They Drank and Laughed.

Once the crew of a ship fell short of water. For weeks they had been knocked about by heavy gales, and—through having had no observation during many days—had lost their bearings. Presently their water supply failed altogether, and their sufferings from thirst were horrible. A half-crazed sailor let down a bucket over the side, and before anyone could stop him he drank a draught of sea water. Then he laughed and shouted. The others were sure he was gone clean mad. He drank again from the bucket. The others tasted it on their fingers. Then they too drank and laughed. The water was sweet. Although still out of sight of land, they were in the mouth of the Amazon, and the water which refreshed their parched throats was from the snowy summits of the Andes.

That was great luck, you say. Yes it was—luck or Providence, whatever you please to call it, because those poor wretches hadn't the screw loose idea that they were.

But where people can see landmarks and guide-posts, it would seem as though

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.

MEDITERRANEAN

Travel to Southern France, Italy, Egypt, the Nile or Palestine during 1895 will be unprecedented. Travellers should arrange their tours early in order to secure choice of berths and rooms. Sailing lists of all lines, plans of steamers, illustrated books, rates, etc., may be obtained and berths reserved at any time.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND

Chief Agent Mediterranean Lines
73 Yonge Street, Toronto.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD SS. CO.

New York, Southampton (London, Havre, Paris) and Bremen.

Havre, Sept. 24, 9 a.m. Trave, 5 Oct., 9 a.m.

Kaisersl. Wm. II, 28 Sept., 5 a.m. Lahn, 8 Oct., 7 a.m.

Alster, 1 Oct., 8 a.m.

New York, Gibraltar, Naples, Genoa.

Saale, Sept. 28, noon Saale, Nov. 2, 11 a.m.

Werra, Oct. 12, 11 a.m. Fulda, Nov. 16, 11 a.m.

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AMERICAN LINE

NEW YORK—SOUTHAMPTON (London—Paris) ... Oct. 21, 11 a.m. Paris Oct. 9, 11 a.m. St. Louis Oct. 18, 11 a.m. New York Oct. 25, 11 a.m. New York Oct. 25, 11 a.m. New York, North River. 10th & 5th, 6th Bowling Green, N. Y.

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RED STAR LINE

NEW YORK—ANTWERP

Nordland Oct. 2, noon Westerland Oct. 30, noon

Kensington Oct. 9, noon Noordland Oct. 6, noon

Friesland Oct. 16, noon Kensington Nov. 13, noon

Southwark Oct. 23, noon Friesland Nov. 20, noon

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ONLY DIRECT LINE TO FRANCE

New Fast Express Steamer

R. M. MELVILLE,

Agen, New York.

34 Adelaide St. East, Toronto.

Campagnie General Transatlantique

FRENCH LINE

Between You and Me.

T

HAT all the fools are not dead yet is a fact rendered patent by occurrences of every day. There are some people who are ready to try any absurd experiment on themselves that can be suggested, to allow themselves to be hypnotized, mesmerized, or what not. A lady suffering from insomnia recently, by the advice of a friend, learned to put herself into a mesmeric sleep. While she lay in this condition, the lamp beside her exploded. She was within an ace of being burned to death, and now lies in a sad condition of wounded body and shattered nerves. Another idiot tried what he had been told was an excellent cure for sleeplessness, by partly turning on his gas jet before retiring. He neglected to open the transom for ventilation and was found sleeping, sure enough, and almost beyond the possibility of being awakened.

Here is a sad story on the new woman, her of the blue-stocking variety. The students were all at lecture; in the front row sat eight females, and the lecturer discussed crystals and their geometric forms. "An octahedron," said he, "is a body with eight plain faces. For example—" "Front bench," shouted a bold, bad boy from the rear seats. Wasn't it smart of him?

"What can she do?" said I, when the good Samaritan came to ask me to help place a lone woman. "Oh, not anything very well. She might do as a companion," said the G. S. vaguely. I don't know which I pity most, the lone woman or her employer, who, I suppose, would be also a very lone woman or she wouldn't pay anyone for the blessing of her company. Think of it, how hard a row to hoe. To be a companion for cash, without a speck of mutual attraction, or interest, or desire for the society of your responsibility. Never to feel free to be grumpy, or snapshappy, or solitary, or sociable, save at the orders or caprice of someone else. A desert island and slow starvation would be better.

Labouchere, while undergoing his Little-go examination at Cambridge, noticed a number of done prancing about, in the hopes of catching someone cheating. So he hastily scribbled a few words upon a sheet of paper, hid it away under his blotter and ostentatiously referred to it from time to time, with a great parade of looking furtively around to see that nobody was looking. The trap was not long in taking effect. Argus thunderously enquired what he had got there. "Oh! nothing—at least, only a piece of paper," stammered the ingenuous youth provokingly. But the examiner was inexorable. He insisted on looking under the blotter and was rewarded by reading, in a large, round hand, the words: "You may be very clever, but you can't eat coke!"

Lord Rivulet was a candidate in a certain English election, and the charming partner of his joys and sorrows was doing her best to win his election. During her canvass she tackled a sturdy workingman who was smoking a clay pipe and wearing a cloth cap. "Won't you vote for Lord Rivulet?" "No, I won't vote for Lord Rivulet," was the brusque reply; "he's one of them chaps as don't get up till twelve o'clock, by which time I've done half a day's work; no, I'll not vote for that kind of man."

"Oh, but you are quite mistaken, I assure you; I know that Lord Rivulet gets up quite early." "How do you know that?" "Because I'm his wife." Taking his pipe from his mouth and doffing the cap, the outspoken voter said: "Well, ma'am, if I was Lord Rivulet I don't think I should get up all day."

Dr. Donald Macleod tells a story about the late Professor Blackie. The professor frequently stayed at Dr. Macleod's house in Glasgow. "One night," says the doctor, "we were sitting up together. Blackie said in his brisk way, 'Whatever other faults I have, I am free from vanity.' An incredulous smile on my face aroused him. 'You don't believe that! Give me an instance.' Being thus challenged, I said, 'Why do you walk about flourishing a plaid continually?' 'I'll give you the history of that, sir. When I was a poor man and when my wife and I had our difficulties, she one day drew my attention to the threadbare character of my surtout, and asked me to order a new one. I told her I could not afford it just then, when she went like a noble woman and put her own plaid shawl on my shoulders; and I have worn a plaid ever since in memory of her loving deed."

Some years ago there lived in Alabama a judge who was noted for the sarcasm which he dispensed during his administrations of justice. On one occasion a young man was tried for stealing a pocketbook. The next case was for murder. The evidence in the larceny case was slight, but in the other seemed to the judge conclusive. To his amazement and wrath, however, the jury convicted the young man and acquitted the murderer. In passing sentence upon the convicted thief, after the discharge of the other prisoner, the judge said: "Young man, you have not been in this country long?" "No, your honor," replied the prisoner. "I thought not," said the judge; "you don't know these people; you may kill them, but don't touch their pocketbooks." On another occasion, when the evidence seemed to point conclusively to the prisoner's guilt, but when the judge, from long experience, distrusted the jurymen's wisdom, the counsel for the defendant said: "It is better

that ninety-nine guilty persons should escape than that one innocent man should suffer." In his charge to the jury the judge admitted the soundness of this proposition, but he adjured impressively and severely: "Gentlemen, I want you to bear in mind that ninety-nine have already escaped."

London is laughing over a bit of testimony given in the hearings on Lady Henry Somerset's crusade against the London public halls. Lady Henry Somerset determined to collect evidence herself. She secured another lady as zealous as herself as a companion, and the pair obtained the services of a young curate of their acquaintance as male escort. Lady Henry is a woman of generous proportions, and the lady who was to accompany her was rather the larger of the two. On the other hand, the young curate was slight and weazened, with a pale, milky face that bore a perpetual air of melancholy. The trip was made, and when the detective party was placed upon the stand during the hearing, the justice asked her ladyship if, in her travels in the slums, she had been molested or accosted in any offensive way. Lady Henry was compelled to reply that she had not. Her companion gave similar testimony. When the little curate took the stand, the judge asked the same question of him—if he had been accosted. "Yes," replied the little man, in a shrill voice, "and very offensively too." "Well," said the judge, "what did the woman say to you?" "Well, sir," the curate declared, with intense indignation, "in one of the music-halls a couple of women came up to me, and one of them brazenly cracked me under the chin and said: 'Why so sad, Willie?'" Even Lady Henry Somerset could not suppress her laughter.

AS September deepens the shops are filled with autumn goods in such variety as to be an embarrassment of riches to the chronicler of fashions. The new wool fabrics are a delight to the eye with their depth of color, and to the touch with their delightful softness. Zibeline and all kindred fabrics with silvery finish are adopted by the Paris dressmakers for the models they send forth for the first winter gowns. These stuffs are exceedingly effective, and are also comfortable to wear, as their open loose weaving makes them of very light weight. Zibeline is the French word for sable, and a sable as of fur distinguishes many new stuffs, some of the zibelines looking not unlike the familiar Canton flannel on account of the length and smoothness of the fleece. The French manufacturers have even added, and with excellent effect, a soft downy surface to the popular covert coating which English tailors have hitherto commanded for its firm, hard finish.

The coming modes are, however, best made known by returning dressmakers who have visited the Paris workshops in search of the latest and most positive information. The new gowns are composite in style. They represent the dress worn under three reigns, those of Louis XIV., Louis XV., and Louis XVI. of France. Some gowns have features taken from the styles of each of these reigns, but there are Louis XVI. dresses imported that are literal copies of those worn by Marie Antoinette and the beautiful women of her court. Other dresses similarly titled will, however, omit the striking features of the originals, and will have large-topped sleeves not unlike those of recent seasons. The new skirts are as full as ever, and of many different shapes. There will be no special cut that will exclude all others, as during recent seasons. The tendency is to widen the skirts at the top, and instead of cutting the back in godets to gore the broads, and either pleat them each in a few small side pleats to the belt, or else to partly shirr them and partly box-pleat them, more especially for having two narrow box-pleats directly in the middle of the back. The front often falls in one broad box-pleat gradually widening to the foot in the way suggested two seasons ago. There is very little stiffening in the first dresses imported. Not a single gown shown from four of the best Paris houses was interlined up the back. Haircloth from ten to fourteen inches deep is around the foot, and in one model skirt this interlining is only four inches deep. All the skirts are lined closely with taffeta silk, except in a few instances where they hang full over a silk foundation skirt. Scarcely any trimming is on skirts, one novel exception being the inlaying of satin in very narrow bands edged with jet down a crepon skirt. Worsted braid with a cord edge is again used to finish off the foot of skirts. The reader will be glad to know that her dresses of last winter will be available again, at least as far as the skirt is concerned.

I have just turned up a pretty little picture that makes me homesick for the Old Country, just a little glimpse of Powerscourt Waterfall, in the County Wicklow, a short ride out of Dublin. There is a little river, such an absurd attempt at a river, that giggles to itself at the very idea of being anything of the sort, for many a mile through a beautiful glen called the Dargle. Then it kicks up its giddy heels and turns somersaults over a cliff seventy feet high, and goes merrily on, a little impressed with a new sense of dignity, for that last frisky prank resulted in the fairytale thread of cascading bubbles known as Powerscourt Waterfall. We bivouacked there one golden June morning and chummed with a north country parson and his nine little Celts, while Mrs. Parson sat aloof with the tenth and impeded nourishment. And when the little picture turned up just now, it brought it all back to me—the neat, unsophisticated man, in his clerical long-eared coat and shovel hat; the hearty, wholesome, clear-eyed boys and girls, brimming with wit and devilment, but little well-bred creatures above it all; the horse tethered behind the carriage, where one did arithmetic to discover how the children could be accommodated by any system of packing; the frugal big lunch-basket, with bread and cheese and seed-cake for the picnic fare; the wheels leaning confidentially against each other while their riders roamed and looked and tried to take brain photos of the charming place. Really, it isn't quite so much the fun of being there that repays the traveler in search of the world's beauty spots; it is rather some such sweet memory, cropping up unexpectedly in the commonplace ways of sordid everyday life and gilding the clouds for us.

I remember that person asked some queer questions about Canada. He seemed to have derived his information regarding the Great and Only from the relatives of such of his parishioners as had emigrated in this direction. It was a grim, hard, cold land to him, deeply snowed under during a great part of the year. His ideas of scenery had been mainly based on the perusal of a Carnival number of an eastern journal, and his enquiry, "Do you find it very difficult to keep warm?" was evidently a mild reference of his wonder that we were not frozen to death, and suggested Greenland to nicely. I regret to say that the wicked Irish boy who was my escort, took pains to deepen the good man's impression of Canada, and we left him in two minds as to

whether his duty did or did not call upon him to persuade us not to return to such a frigid land.

Here is a facer! "Dear Lady Gay,—Are you a Christian? Do you belong to a church? I ask because I am anxious for your eternal good." My dear, kind soul, I belong to a very respectable church, where we have a surprised choir, shining brass collection plates, and two of the best-looking churchwardens in Toronto. It is sweet of you to be anxious for my eternal good, but you may set your mind at rest, because, for obvious reasons, you can't be half so anxious for it as I am. "Does my question make you angry?" Certainly not.

LADY GAY.

The New Modes.

AS September deepens the shops are filled with autumn goods in such variety as to be an embarrassment of riches to the chronicler of fashions. The new wool fabrics are a delight to the eye with their depth of color, and to the touch with their delightful softness. Zibeline and all kindred fabrics with silvery finish are adopted by the Paris dressmakers for the models they send forth for the first winter gowns. These stuffs are exceedingly effective, and are also comfortable to wear, as their open loose weaving makes them of very light weight.

Zibeline is the French word for sable, and a sable as of fur distinguishes many new stuffs, some of the zibelines looking not unlike the familiar Canton flannel on account of the length and smoothness of the fleece. The French manufacturers have even added, and with excellent effect, a soft downy surface to the popular covert coating which English tailors have hitherto commanded for its firm, hard finish.

The collars for even very simple waists are high and much trimmed. They may be either plain bands or else a stock, but they are finished on either side with box-pleated ruffles of velvet, satin or lace, turning downward after having extended up to the ears. Ribbon of great width is passed around the neck and ends in a very large loop and end or a bow of cross loops in the back. This may be black striped gauze for a colored wool gown, or it may be of velvet, or else of the chameleon ribbons, especially those with much green and blue in them, or with orange and brown.

For high waists of reception and theater gowns the novelty is a sharply pointed long front with round back, while around the whole waist a wide belt of velvet in many folds. The effect is very quaint and picturesque. Very rich-colored embroideries done by hand in silks and chenille are on white satin vests that are put in these long pointed waists.

LA MODE.

Saved Much Suffering.

Rev. Father Butler's Interesting Experience.

Suffered From an Abscess in the Side Which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured After Other Medicines Failed.

Caledonia, N.S., Gold Hunter.

Faith leads many to believe, yet when one has experienced anything and has reason to rejoice, it is far stronger proof than faith without reasonable proof. About four miles from Caledonia, along a pleasant road, passing by numerous farms, lives Rev. T. J. Butler, the parish priest of this district. Reports having come to the ears of our reporter about a wonderful cure effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he called on Mr. Butler to seek information on the subject. Mr. Butler spoke in very high terms of the Pink Pills, and said they had saved him untold suffering, and perhaps saved his life. The reverend gentleman felt a little hesitancy at giving a public testimonial at first, but after our reporter remarked that if one was really grateful for a remarkable cure, he thought it was his duty to give it publicity for humanity's sake, he cheerfully consented. His story in his own words is as follows: "I was led to take Pink Pills through reading the testimonials in the papers. I was troubled with an abscess in my side and had tried many different medicines without avail. I took medical advice on the subject, and was told I would have to undergo an operation to cure it which would cost me about \$100. At last I determined to try Pink Pills, but without a great feeling of faith in their curing me. One box helped me and I resolved to take a three month's course and give them a fair trial. I did so, and to-day I am completely cured of the abscess in my side through using Pink Pills, and I always recommend friends of mine to use Pink Pills for diseases of the blood." As Father Butler is well known throughout this county his statement is a clincher to the many wonderful testimonials that have appeared in the Gold Hunter from time to time. On enquiring at the stores of J. F. Cushing and N. F. Douglas, it was found that Pink Pills have a sale second to none. Mr. Cushing on being asked if he knew of any cures effected by them replied that he had heard a great many personally say Pink Pills had helped them wonderfully. If given a fair and thorough trial Pink Pills are a certain cure for all diseases of the blood and nerves, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therewith, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humor in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic croup, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of man they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

The Scorer Scored.

A sceptic, engaged in a religious discussion with a country pastor, thought to end the whole matter by declaring that there was no such place as heaven, and that, for his part, he believed in metempsychosis.

For simpler wool dresses there are round

"You believe, then," said the pastor, "that your soul may enter the body of a beast after your death!"

"Certainly."

"And you expect to feel quite at home, I suppose?"

Thereupon the sceptic decided that the last word was with his antagonist.

Too Thick.

Little Willowrean, walking with her mother stumbled several times over the rough pavement. Her mother said, "What's the matter, daughter?"

"Nothing's the matter with me," she indignantly replied. "It's the ground is too thick in places."

Short Journeys on a Long Road

Is the characteristic title of a profusely illustrated book containing over one hundred pages of charmingly written descriptions of summer resorts in the country north and west of Chicago. The reading matter is new, the illustrations are new, and the information therein will be new to almost everyone.

A copy of Short Journeys on a Long Road will be sent free to anyone who will enclose ten cents (by post age) to Geo. H. Heafford, general passenger agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill.

The "company" was asked to take another road. "I cannot," she replied. "Really, I don't know how many I've eaten already. Little Johnny (eagerly) "I do. You've ate seven, I've been counting." —Boston Transcript.



The Pedestal of Power Revised.
By the following method it is being strikingly shown that although the Conservatives have carried Great Britain and have a large majority in the House, yet according to the number of votes cast, the Liberals should only be in a minority of ten.

As it is in Seats.

As it would be by Votes.



which made the subscription for it so great that Mrs. Grant's royalties have amounted to half a million dollars.

The people of the United States are never slow to show their appreciation of the services of any of their public men. The merchants of Boston raised a fund to pay the debts of Daniel Webster.

The Legislatures of Virginia and South Carolina voted \$10,000 each to the daughter of Thomas Jefferson to keep her from want.

Congress gave pensions of \$5,000 each to the widows of Tyler, Polk, Lincoln, Grant and Garfield; and many remote descendants of the Presidents have been put in office at Washington.

The first child that was ever born in the White House was the great niece of President Jackson; she has held for seventeen years a clerkship in the Treasury, procured for her by President Grant.

The Song That Reached My Heart.

I love the songs we sing to-day—
Say Au Revoir, and Sweet Marie,
And You, Cannot, In Our Yard, Play,
And Will You Not My Sweetheart Be?
The sweet refrain, After the Ball,
Shall no't from memory's halls depart;
But the song that thrills Toronto air,
Is the song that reached my heart.
"Drinking water, Drinking water,
Bring your pails and dippers, and your kettles, pote and
pans."

Drinking water, Drinking water,
Come all ye men and maidens, at the ancient horn's com-
mande."

the Derby run?" asked Orlando Jones at the

Argon last evening. "Well, it was this wise:

The race for the Derby was about to be run, and as the Sultan was then visiting England the prince sent one of his lords-in-waiting to enquire if the Eastern potentate would not like to go and witness the classic contest. The son of the moon and stars was seated propped up by

cushions, smoking placidly, when the royal

procession was ushered into his presence.

"His royal highness bade me ask your

majesty if it would please you to witness the

race for the Derby?" said he, bowing low.

"Does his royal highness mean that I should

go and see a horse race?" enquired the Sultan

blondly.

"He does, your highness."

"Tell the prince that I cannot do so," re-plied the ruler of the faithful. "Why should I

want to go? All men who are not fools know

that some horses are swifter than others."

One Explanation.

Illustrated American.

The origin of the word "Canada" is most curious. According to the legends Canadians tell, the Spaniards visited their country before the French and made particular search for gold and silver. Finding none, they constantly said among themselves, "Aca Nada"—there is nothing here. The Indians, who watched closely, learned this sentence and its meaning. When the French arrived, the Indians, who wanted none of their company, supposing they also were Spaniards bent on the same quest, were anxious to inform them in the Spanish sentence "Aca Nada." The French, however, knowing less of Spanish than even the Indians, supposed this incessantly recurring sound was the name of the country, so called it "Canada," and "Canada" it has been ever since.

Couldn't Say.

"My dear," said a wife who had been married three years, as she beamed across the table on her lord and master, "tell me what first attracted you to me. What pleasant characteristic did I possess which placed me above other women in your sight?"

And her lord and master simply said, "I give it up."

Hard Drinkers Die Sudden Deaths.

So many men, whose excessive fondness for liquor is a standing grief to their friends, give as a reason for not wishing to take the Gold Cure now, that they have important business to arrange before they can go. A lamentable instance of the tendency of drinking men to postpone this, the most important business they have ever been called upon to transact, was afforded last week. Once a wealthy and respected citizen, this gentleman had required years of experience at drinking liquor before arriving at the conclusion that his habit in this respect and consequent incapacity were the sole and only cause of the financial disasters which overtook him, left him dependent upon others and unable to earn a living. A few weeks ago he concluded to take the famous treatment given at Lakehurst Institute, Oakville, so soon as he should attend to some "important business." A few days ago he dropped dead, his "important business" still unfinished. Does it ever occur to you that tomorrow, or next week, may mean sudden death to you also? Do not delay further; no business can possibly be of greater importance. Take the cure now. Send to 28, Bank of Commerce Building, Toronto, for fuller information and terms.

James' Cleaning and Dyeing Works

Of 153 Richmond Street West, have opened a

BRANCH OFFICE AT 326 YONGE ST.

Where they will be happy to greet new and old customers.

All orders promptly executed. Head Office telephone 666.

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A Crate holds as much as a barrel.

HARVIE & CO.: 70 and 72 Esplanade West.

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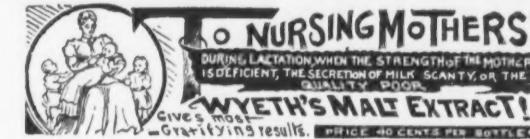
AWARDED

GOLD MEDAL

AT SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 1894

Besides 9 Other GOLD, SILVER and BRONZE Medals

AT THE WORLD'S GREAT EXHIBITIONS



They Drank and Laughed.

Once the crew of a ship fell short of water. For weeks they had been knocked about by heavy gales, and—through having had no observation during many days—had lost their bearings. Presently their water supply failed altogether, and their sufferings from thirst were horrible. A half-crazed sailor let down a bucket on the side, and before anyone could stop him he drank his share of salt water. Then he laughed and shouted. The others were sure he was gone mad. He drank again from the bucket. Then they too drank and laughed. The water was sweet.

Although still out of sight of land, they were in the mouth of the Amazon, and the water which refreshed their parched throats was from the snowy summits of the Andes. That was great luck, you say. Yes it was—luck or Providence, whatever you please to call it, because those poor wretches hadn't the scrap of an idea where they were.

But where people can see landmarks and guide-posts, it would seem as though they ought to find a spring when they are thirsty, and then the road home. But Gracious Goodness! they don't; no, not half the time. They get mixed up and fuddled within a stone's throw of their own doorways. How does it come to pass? Let's look into it a bit and see. Perhaps it isn't their fault, but the fault of certain persons who have cast sand in their eyes.

Now, here is a good and intelligent woman, who nevertheless wandered for a weary while in the wilderness of pain and illness, without knowing what was the matter with her. If she had found out two things ten years ago, she might have been well in a month. As it was, she suffered from 1882 to 1892. What an outrage!

In plain English this is her story, told in her own words. If it sounds like so many others you have read, it is because her experience was the same. Those sailors on that ship would have told the tale of their agony in almost identical language. Agreements of this kind among different witnesses show that they are telling the truth.

"About ten years ago," she says, "I began to feel weak and ill. At first I had a bad taste in the mouth, my tongue was coated, and I felt hot and feverish. My appetite was poor, and after eating I had a heavy weight and pain at my chest and sides. My heart would flutter and go all of a palpitation whilst a strange feeling of faintness came over me. My skin was sallow, and the whites of my eyes tinged of a yellow color. I was constantly sick, sometimes vomiting a green fluid, while at other times clear water would fly out of my mouth. Later on I had rheumatism so bad that I could just hobble about. I lost a great deal of sleep, and grew very weak and feeble. Better or worse, according to the weather and other circumstances, I kept on like this year after year, the medicines I took doing nothing to relieve me."

"In June of last year (1892) I heard of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and made up my mind to try it. I got a bottle from Mr. John Taylor, chemist, Orwell place, and after taking it for a few days, I found myself somewhat better. I kept on with it and in three weeks the palpitation of the heart and the sickness left me. My food began to digest, my skin to be more natural and smooth, and, in short, I was better than I had been for years. Under the influence of the Syrup the good work went on, until now people say I don't look like the same woman. You may publish this statement if you think it will do good. Yours truly (Signed), Mrs. J. E. Barton, 8 Bank road, Woodbridge road, Ipswich, March 28, 1893."

What two things are these then, the knowledge of which would have saved Mrs. Barton her long illness? These two: the knowledge, first that, despite its many symptoms, her disease was indigestion and dyspepsia; and, second, that the remedy for it was (and is) Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.

Who throw sand into people's eyes on this point? Who blind them so they are lost within arm's length of recovery? Who badger them with long words and dark prophecies? False teachers—some of them, sad to say, physicians who ought to know and do better.

Mother Seigel taught the truth. She opens blind eyes and shows the short road to health.

Ready For Framing.

Boston Traveler.

A famous landscape painter had to call in a doctor to see his wife, who was suffering from bronchitis. After he had examined the patient, the doctor recommended the husband to go to the sea, drink a bracing bath, dip it in buckets of lime and lightly rub the lady's back with it. The artist took up his brush, and after dipping it in the tincture proceeded to carry out the doctor's prescription. But his artistic tempera-

ment soon got the better of his sick-nursing qualities. Mistaking his wife's back for a canvas, instead of simply applying the lotion he sketched out a landscape and gradually peopled it with figures and put in all the details complete. The patient, finding the operation a rather lengthy one, asked her husband if he had finished. And the latter, receding a few steps to examine his work, replied, "Another dab or two, and then I can put it in the frame."

The Ladies Admire

men who smoke, as smoking is a manly habit, but they are especially enamored of men who evince nice taste in the selection of their cigars and tobacco such as is always kept in stock by G. W. Muller, 9 King street west.

Workman (politely to old lady, who has accidentally got into a smoking-compartment): You don't object to my pipe, I hope, m'm? Old Lady—Yes, I do object, very strongly. Workman—Oh, then out you get!—Punch.

Bobbins—What nonsense is in the news-papers in their accounts of weddings to describe the bride being led to the altar. Slobbs—How so?—Bobbins—Well, most girls could find their way in the dark.—Philadelphia Record.

"I hear," said Diana the Huntress, as she rested her toe for an instant on the pedestal, "that Pygmalion is in love with Galatea." "Indeed!" ejaculated the Bust of Minerva; "well, it's a clinch that he gets the marble heart."—Puck.

Foreman—See here, Maginnis; this dago here is doing twice the work you are. Maginnis—That's what O'yley bin a-tellin' him for th past hour, but 't' bloody Oitallyan won't stop—Vermont Graphic.

Mrs. Snapshot (bursting into her husband's snugger)—Oh, Henry, come quick! Mamma is having a terrible fit! Mr. Snapshot (jumping with alacrity)—I'll be there in a minute! Where in thunder is my camera!—Truth.

Tourist (in Oklahoma)—Pardon me, sir, but didn't I overhear you say something about a display of shooting stars to-night? Alkali Ike—Yes, we are goin' to run an Uncle Tom's Cabin company out of town.—Bazaar.

He was as pale as death. "No," the beautiful American was faltering, "I will not marry you." The son of a noble race staggered from the room. "Capital," he hissed, as with the instinct of a gentleman he clutched the best umbrella in the rack, "is still timid, I see."—Detroit Tribune.

The Daughter of the Revolution—At our last meeting Mrs. Oldfield told how her great-grandmother sacrificed the family plate for the cause. The Colonial Dame—Yes, I've heard that the Continentals were often hard pushed to find lead for their bullets.—Truth.

"Whisky," said the temperance orator, in tones of much earnestness, as he pointed his finger at the audience, "whisky has killed more men than bullets." "All the same," said the watery-eyed citizen near the middle aisle, "I'd a heap ruther a man filled me with whisky than with bullets."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Some men," said Farmer Corntassel, "is too well posted. Larnin' is a fine thing, but it's a misfit sometimes." "What's the matter?" enquired his wife. "Thet new hired man hez so much ter say 'bout the silver question that he stan's roun' an' lets the hay git rained on."—Washington Star.

LAST DOLLAR

REV. CHARLES T. COCKING
Returned Missionary from Japan, now of Goodwood, Ont.

"I consider K. D. C. worth its weight in gold. Any one suffering from Dyspepsia, if he has a dollar left, should buy it and try the truth of what I say. They who give it a trial will continue to take it, I am sure."

A TEST PROVES IT THE BEST

K. D. C. PILLS CURE CONSTIPATION WHEN TAKEN WITH K. D. C.

FREE SAMPLE K. D. C. AND PILLS

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B. LINDMAN, owner of the Wilkinson Trust, the only trust that can be relied upon permanently, has his office in the Rosedale House Block, Toronto.

Those wearing T-uses

Music.

THE large party of American organists who spent a portion of the past summer in England visiting the most famous cathedrals of that old land, have been giving expression to their opinions concerning the musical services heard by them at various points. Some extracts from published accounts of their experiences will doubtless prove of interest to readers of this column. Of the service at Magdalen College Chapel, Oxford, one writer says: "One of the first things to impress the musical listener is the beautiful tone of Magdalen choir. There is not the slightest trace of harshness and the training is so complete that psalms, hymns, anthems and responses are sung as with one voice, with intelligent conception, precision of attack and perfect repose. The great refinement evident in the singing of this choir is the musical reflection of the artistic temperament of Dr. J. Varley Roberts, the organist and choirmaster. In his organ accompaniments he shows rare discrimination and taste as to tone quality, and, although sometimes lacking in what is called 'snap,' he never indulges in any of the coarse contrasts that many English organists are so fond of." Of the cathedral choirs the same writer has the following to say: "The choir at Chester consists of sixteen boys and six men, and they seem to be sufficient for the place. Of all the cathedral choirs in England heard by our party, that of Chester is the finest, except possibly St. Paul's in London, where there are thirty-six boys and sixteen men. It would not be just to any of the parties concerned to make comparisons between the choir of Chester on the one hand, and the choir of Magdalen College, Oxford, or King's College, Cambridge (of which more hereafter), on the other. Acoustical conditions are so different in the college chapels and in the cathedrals that musical matters have to be treated differently. Chester choir in Magdalen chapel would probably sound rough and coarse, and Magdalen choir in Chester cathedral would, we think, be tame and lifeless. But each in its proper place is admirable and must be considered according to its special conditions. The choir of Chester sing with a snap and abandon that are remarkable. The organist, Dr. J. C. Bridge, is one of the best players in England. At the close of the afternoon service he played a recital of English organ music in a manner which was not excelled by any other performer that we heard on our trip."

In discussing the question of the comparative merits of the choirs of England and America, the same writer makes the following statements: "On the whole the English choirs are better, although we heard some very poor church music on the trip. . . . The constant daily association of English cathedral boys with the music of the church gives them power to perform anthems and services with an amount of confidence rarely attained by boys in our own country. Comparatively few churches in the United States have day schools attached to them wherein to give the boys a complete school course. Where that is done may be found the best boy-choir music, and until it is generally done, or until some equivalent value is paid to keep choir boys in continual training, just so long will the music of boy choirs in this country be an artistic fizzle. It may be beautiful in sentiment and traditionally churchly, but if good music is wanted the boys must be trained to it by daily practice, both in church services and rehearsals. 'But,' will be asked, 'are there no shortcomings in English boy choirs?' Decidedly, yes, and great ones, first among which we place the lack of solo voices. Occasional boys are found who can sing solos with more or less artistic interpretation, but even the best of them cannot compare in finish and musical conception with one of our six-hundred dollar sopranos in a mixed choir. Even the best solo boy we heard (in Magdalen chapel) was so lacking in maturity of expression that it cast a shadow over an otherwise almost ideal service. Another weak point in the English choirs is their almost universal inability to make any solo quartette passage sound otherwise than crude and ill-balanced. The so-called 'male altos,' that is, men who sing the alto part in a falsetto voice, are seldom able to produce a quality of tone agreeable enough to be heard alone, although their voices blend very well with the full choir. They are employed almost exclusively in English choirs for this reason, and solo parts are rarely assigned to them by composers of church music. Congregational singing is not a specialty in cathedral services. The people do join in a half-hearted way in the hymns and chants, but they seem not to be encouraged to lift up their voices. The services are mainly impressive and decidedly picturesque. It is a beautiful sight to see a white-robed choir in a noble cathedral! English church musicians cling tenaciously to the traditional choir, and while occasionally they will admit the superior excellence of a mixed voice chorus, they will invariably add, 'but not for church music.'"

Among the soloists engaged to appear in the Chicago orchestra concerts during the forthcoming season is Paderewski. It is said he refused an offer of six thousand dollars for two concerts in Chicago in order to play with the orchestra under Mr. Thomas's direction. It is likely that the great Polish pianist will be heard either in his own Polish *Fantaisie* or the Scotch *Fantaisie* recently composed by Dr. Mackenzie especially for the American tour.

Madame Melba arrived at New York on Saturday morning on board the American liner St. Louis. The subscribers' list for the concert in Massey Hall on October 7 has been withdrawn, and not until the subscribers have secured their tickets will any more be offered for sale. From present indications one of the largest and most brilliant audiences ever contained within Massey Hall will greet the eminent songstress on the occasion of her first appearance in this city.

A music bureau has been organized in connection with Massey Music Hall, under the management of Mr. Suckling, who will make a specialty of booking and engaging Canadian, American and foreign musical artists and

literary talent. All communications should be addressed to Mr. I. E. Suckling, manager Massey Music Hall, Toronto.

A correspondent enquires as to the relative merits of two or three various systems or "methods" of vocal instruction, with a view of studying under some master whose system of training shall be most highly recommended. My advice is to avoid all teachers, either vocal or instrumental, who are continually harping on their particular "method." Happy is the teacher who is able to point to the results of his teaching in the good work of his pupils. This should be a true test of an instructor's ability. To rest one's claim to recognition upon the fact of having been the favorite pupil of Signor Macaroni or the only American representative of Herr Zweilager, always strikes me as absurd and weak. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating thereof," and the best test of an instructor's efficiency should be gauged by his actual achievements when he has been sufficiently long in one place for a fair trial. The pupil of the grandmother of a third cousin of Marchesi, Joachim, or Liszt will not count for much in the long pull in this practical age. What the people demand is *results*, and not any ridiculous phantasmagory about the greatness of some noted pedagogue across the Atlantic. The manner in which many musical featherweights borrow plumes from instructors, who in some instances may have had no more than passing acquaintance with the "pupil" so posing, is having a tendency, I believe, to make a long-suffering public inexpressibly weary.

The Gewandhaus concerts in Leipsic, which Herr Nikisch is to conduct, date from the time of Bach; but they were interrupted by the Seven Years' War, the band, which now numbers eighty, then consisting of only sixteen players. Mendelssohn, who was appointed in 1833, was, of course, the greatest of the Gewandhaus conductors, but his successors were all eminent men, the list comprising Hillier, who was appointed in 1843; Gade, 1844; Julius Reitz, 1848, and Reinecke, 1860-95. Much is now being expected of Herr Nikisch, and his friends confidently predict that with the splendid material of which his new orchestra is composed he will succeed in reviving all the old glories of Mendelssohn's time.

Miss Florence E. Marshall, Mr. Field's clever piano pupil, gave a recital in Savannah, Georgia, a fortnight ago. The *Morning News* of that city makes the following critical mention of her playing on that occasion: "Artistically the recital was a decided success, and the young musician was warmly complimented on the remarkable ability and talent which she displayed in handling the piano. Her technique was phenomenal for one so young, and her musical appreciation gave her renderings a remarkable perfection of detail."

Mr. W. Elliott Haslam has returned to the city from New York and taken up his permanent abode in Toronto. His classes in voice production and cultivation will be resumed from October 1, at Messrs. Nordheimer's, King street east. Special lessons will be given to professional artists in style and repertoire for opera, oratorio and concert. In operatic work, *roles* will be passed or re-studied, with such original embellishments or modifications to the voice of the singer as will place in the best possible light the artist's capabilities. In oratorio the best traditional renderings of recit, and aria from all standard works will be imparted; and for concert purposes suitable repertoires will be formed, calculated to display to best advantage the individual characteristics of each singer. Mr. Haslam has also arranged a special course of study for teachers.

A meeting of the committee of the Toronto Male Chorus Club was held on Monday evening last, when arrangements were completed for the present season's work of this popular organization. It was decided to augment the chorus this year, and already a large number of applicants for membership to the society have been tested and, when possessed of the necessary qualifications, will be admitted as members. There are still vacancies for really good voices, and singers desirous of joining the Club this season will do well to make early application for the preliminary voice test to the conductor, Mr. J. D. A. Tripp.

Madame Stuttaford, the well known and successful teacher of the Italian method of voice culture, has resumed her classes for the season. All communications relative to lessons should be addressed to 183 Church street Toronto, or in care of Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer. The first rehearsal of the Mendelssohn Choir for this season will be held on Monday evening next at the Y. M. C. Guild hall, McGill street. The chorus has been strengthened by the addition of many excellent vocalists to membership in the society, and from present indications the organization promises to surpass its record of last season in all departments of its work.

The first faculty concert of the present season in connection with the work of the College of Music was held on Monday evening last, when the new vocal teacher, Mrs. Bruce Wikstrom, made her first public appearance as a member of the College staff. The audience was large and enthusiastic, and the vocalists of the evening succeeded in creating a most favorable impression. In a well chosen selection of songs by Gade, Grieg, Dannstrom, Meyerbeer, Gounod, Schumann, Nevin and Denz. Mrs. Wikstrom was particularly successful in her interpretation of several songs by the Scandinavian composers, although all her work proved her to be a finished artist of superior culture and unusual musical feeling. Her voice, a rich contralto, is under admirable control and always evidences the best of technical training. The assisting artists were Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson, violin; Herr Rudolph Ruth, cello, and Mrs. Lee and Miss Sullivan, pianists. Several solo and ensemble selections were rendered by these well known artists in a manner worthy of highest praise.

Miss Mima Lund, one of the most popular and talented pupils of Miss Norma Reynolds, has been appointed leading contralto of St. Andrew's (King street) Presbyterian church

choir, of which Mr. Edward Fisher is director. Miss Lund has also won Miss Reynolds' annual scholarship. Another pupil of this well known teacher has been the successful candidate for the position of leading tenor at Trinity Methodist church. This pupil, Mr. H. C. Johnson, has on numerous occasions during the past year sung with much success at various recitals in different parts of the city, and is well qualified for the position he has been called upon to fill.

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The Hunt Club races will be the event for this afternoon, and I fancy some of our modish dames will have to leave them a little early in order to present themselves in time at Mrs. Langmuir's reception at Tyndall avenue, where, I believe, two daughters are to be presented to Toronto society.

Mr. Sam Nordheimer is on his way home from England. Everyone who has heard the rumor of the speedy return of the mistress of Glenethy will regret to hear that it has no foundation, as Mrs. Nordheimer intends remaining abroad with her children until next year.

Mrs. Stephen Richards has arrived home from Vancouver with her daughter, Mrs. Green, and is staying at 266 Bloor street west.

Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Jamieson of Rosedale left on Wednesday by steamship Germanic from New York for a trip to Britain and the Continent.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Brimer of 100 Gloucester street sail to-day from Montreal on the steamer Labrador, and will spend the next ten months on the Continent.

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